





Anonymous
THE 25
HUMOURS of the ROAD:
OR, A
RAMBLE to ^kOXFORD.
A
COMEDY.



L O N D O N:

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DEDICATION

TO

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

S I R,



THE Author of this COMEDY, which I presume to place under *your Patronage*, being a Man of *Quality*, and consequently unacquainted with the Mechanical Parts of the Business of us Poets, such as *Printing, Puffing, and Dedicating* his Piece, has been pleased to crave my Assistance therein, knowing that from my Profession, as *Bell-man* of this Parish, I have at least an annual Experience in these Affairs.

GRATITUDE forbad me to deny this Request to one of my most Worthy Masters,
A who,

DEDICATION.

who, for twenty Years together, hath never deny'd me my *Christmas-Box*: Besides, there was another Consideration, which is of much greater weight with those of our Trade, than mere *Gratitude*, I mean *Interest*, and the hopes of *getting* something by it.

As he left me to the free Liberty in the choice of my Patron, I could not be long in determining where I should make an Offering of the hopes I have in *your Honour's* Half Crown, or peradventure a larger Sum. Moreover, as it hath been often observed, that a *Similitude* of Persons and Parts, is what above all things conciliates the Affections of Men to each other, I must needs own, that, upon this Account, I have long had a most particular Regard for you: For, like you, although I am not one that His MAJESTY, whom *God preserve!* has been pleased to dignify with any Title of *Honour*, yet am I of that Class of Men, to whom the kind Neighbourhood do always afford the Appellation of, *My Lord!*

So much for the Resemblance of our *Back* and *Shoulders*; but for that of the nobler Part, our *Heads*, let the courteous Reader, if he list, compare the Lines in your last Piece with my Verses for the present Year, 1738, and therein will appear how exactly we are alike in our Way of Thinking, and Manner of Expression. I will not pretend to say, that you borrowed the 19th, 20th and 21st Lines of your *Imitation* of the sixth Epistle of the first Book

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Book of HORACE from the 31st, 32d, and 33d of my *Verses on Childermas-Day*; but sure I am, that I borrowed them not from you, and yet they are exactly the same :

*Two Pictures ne'er appear'd so much alike,
Tho' yours is only Kneller, mine Vandyck.*

Viz.

*The Fear to want them is as weak a Thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either Case, believe me, we admire.*

AGAIN, speaking of the *Deputy* of our Ward, in my *Prologue* to my Masters and Mistresses, have I the following Line ;

So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords ;

because he once went up to *Westminster* with a Petition.

THIS same Line is the 49th in your late Poem. Next, in a Compliment to the same Gentleman, I say, as you do in the 90th Verse of your Poem,

Upon my Word, you must be rich indeed.

Which, *upon my Word*, I take to be a most Heroical Line.

IF I should praise you for your great Facility in the *Unintelligible*, in the *compounded* and the *confounded* Metaphor, it would but be
A 2 praising

DEDICATION.

praising my self; for exactly in my Manner have you *squar'd the Circle*, with a round *Hundred* added to two Fiftys; and just in my Manner have you jumbled Mr. ANSTIS and Madam VENUS together.

I am,

Dear Brother,

Tours, Affectionately,

WILLIAM QUAINT,

Bellman.

P. S. I must desire Leave to take Notice, by Way of Postscript, that the Bookseller, or Printer, has had the Assurance to alter the Line mark'd with a Star; undoubtedly, Sir, without your Consent; because I take it to be, not only in the Harmony, but the Sentiment, one of the most truly *Belmanick* Lines in the whole Poem.

P R O-



PROLOGUE.

CRITICKS, whom Poets flatter to make civil,
And worship, just as Indians do, the Devil;
Not for one Spark of Good in Power or Will,
But for your Brutish Love of doing ill:
Ye Nest of Elves, and Sycophants uncooth,
Who hate all Merit, and despise all Truth;
If any such are hither come to Night,
Our Author says, he values not your Spite,
You can't prevent him to both Print and Write,
And who, that has't, wou'd throw away his Wit,
When Envy sit, for Judges in the Pit?
To shew good Breeding, wou'd it not be drole,
At Billingsgate, or Hockley in the Hole?
Just so an Author would himself expose,
Who look'd for Sense in Pedants and in Beaux.



D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Rakely,
Ramble, } Young Gentlemen and Friends.
Wilding, }

Substance, a Fat Inn-keeper in *London*.

Shadow, a Lean Inn-keeper on the *Road*.

Brush, a Tradesman in *London*.

Courtel,
Queerbow, } Highwaymen.
Prime, }

1 }
2 }
3 } Students at *Oxford*.
4 }
5 }
6 }

Tipstaff, an *Oxford* Scholar.

Tim, an Hostler at an Inn in *Oxford*.

Monkwell, Master of a Boarding-school at *Oxford*.

Captain Hammock, Master of a trading Vessel.

Slender, Son to *Shadow*.

W O M E N.

Ruth
and } Young Ladies at board in *Oxford*.
Lucy, }

Widow Force-trade, Mistress of a Tavern in *Oxford*.

Sally, her Daughter.

Dolly, Daughter to *Shadow*.

Constables, Countrymen, Drawers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, first in *London*, then on the *Road*,
next in *Oxford*.



EPILOGUE.

Design'd to be spoken by Miss —.

I JUST now, Sirs, receiv'd this Billet-doux,
Which certainly was sent by one of you :
And, therefore I am come to seek my Spark,
Who's neither sign'd his Name, nor set his Mark.
But whither shall I turn me? To what part?
To find the honest Man, who's lost his Heart?
Among Toupees, I'm sure he cannot sit,
For he has cram'd his Letter full of Wit,
And that's a Fault that pretty Fellows ne'er commit. }
'Mong Criticks then perhaps he may be found,
No——

'Tis not in Wit, but Judgment they abound :
And what can be more opposite in Life?
Always at Variance, like a Man and Wife.
To solid Dulness ever such a Slave,
Your Critick without Wit, hates all that have.
Ye Templers spruce! ye mighty Sons of War!
Is it in Camps, d'ye think? Or at the Bar?
Why not! you'll say, these are no fighting Times,
And Lawyers have been charg'd with greater Crimes.
But I'd almost forgot the sober Cits,
And sure 'mong them there are some Wou'd-be-wits :
Ay, but my Dearees, so in very Deed,
And 'tis not all of them, we know, can read ;
Much less indite in that Heroic Strain,
That charms the Goddesses of Drury-lane.
I should suppose some Bard the Billet sent,
But that it talks of, Greek to them, — a Settlement.
Be he then who he will that courts my Favour,
Let him deserve it by to Night's Behaviour.
If o'er his Heart or Hands I've any Sway,
I would command his Help to save the Play.

THE

EPITOGUE

OF

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OF

OF

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OF



THE
HUMOURS of the ROAD, &c.

~~~~~

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, An Inn in London.

*Enter RAKELY and WILDING; to them  
RAMBLE, on the other Side; all three in  
riding Dresses.*

WILDING.

**D**EAR Ramble, we have waited for you  
impatiently, as impatiently —

*Ram.* As young Mrs. Brisk for the  
Death of her first Husband.

*Rake.* Or, old Mr. Fumble for the  
Birth of his first Child: And, prythe,  
what has kept thee thus long from thy appoint-  
ment?

*Ram.* Business of Importance, I assure you.

*Rake.* No doubt of that.

B

*Ram.*

*The Humours of the Road:*

*Ram.* You know my Custom, when I go out of Town; 'faith I must take leave of my Friends, and being so near, I cou'd not help calling. ———

*Rake.* At Mother Coupler's I suppose.

*Ram.* You have nick'd the Place, *Sam*.

*Wild.* Methinks he looks a little malancholly on it.

*Ram.* And so would you too, had you seen how deeply affected both Mother and Children were at my leaving the Town, especially when I told them my Companions, they swore they shou'd be ruin'd for want of us; but whence came you *Rake-ly*?

*Rake.* I have not been idle, I assure you, but have made bold with a few of my Father's Bags, as he calls them, and these may be useful to us at *Oxford*.

*Wild.* But that is a Robbery.

*Rake.* No, 'tis my own Money, I assure you; you know my Dad.

*Enter HOSTLER.*

*Host.* Your Horses, Gentlemen, are ready.

*Rake.* Lead them to the Door. [*Exit. Hostler.*]  
But I am inform'd that there are Robbers on the Road: Let us examine, if we are prepar'd for a Defence.

*Ram.* Of what, *Sam*?

*Rake.* Of our Persons.

*Ram.* Very good, why, you know, I won't fight in defence of my own Person, or any Body's else; I don't love Fighting.

*Rake.* Nor do I love it; but, to preserve my Gold, would lose half the Blood in my Body.

*Wild.* And I the same for a fine Woman.

*Rake.* Phoo', Gold will buy a fine Woman at any Time; and we'll have plenty, Lads, as long as these last.

[*Shews Bags.*]

*Ram.* Oh! the delicious Sight!

*Wild.*



Or, a Ramble to Oxford.

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*Wild.* Not all the Gold in *Europe* can purchase the lovely Original, whose Impression I have here, and whom I am in pursuit of.

*Rake.* They have all lovely Impressions, what say ye, Gentlemen, shall we mount?

*Ram.* As you will, *Sam*; lead on, we are at thy Disposal; for you know

*The Proverb says, for better or for worse,  
We shou'd be rul'd by him who bears the Purse.*

[*Exeunt.*

SUBSTANCE *Enters.*

*Sub.* Very cleaver 'faith: A pack of jolly Fellows, and a sweet long Bag that! I wish they had stay'd a little longer, that I might have learn'd which way they were going; I might have serv'd a Friend by it; for I am grown a little too heavy to follow them myself: Ah! I have seen good Days in my Time; but they are over with me; however, I may do myself some good by helping my Neighbour *Brush*; he owes me a long Score, and his Trade is fall'n off; so that the Fellow must break, and then all is lost, without I cou'd get a Jobb of this kind for him. These now wou'd have fitted him; they're cowardly, for I heard one of them say, he wou'd not fight.

*Enter two Messengers.*

*1 Mess.* Mr. Substance, your Servant.

*Sub.* That is my Name, Sir, *Sizeable Substance*, at your Service; but really, Gentlemen, I don't know you.

*1 Mess.* No matter for that. Have not you a young Gentleman in your House in a blue Coat, trimm'd with Silver.

*Sub.* I don't like these Fellows, (*Aside.*)—No.

*1 Mess.* Prythee, Landlord, don't conceal him; for he's a Rogue.

*Sub.* So are you too, for ought I know.

*1 Mess.* Come, come, it signifies nothing to deny him; for we have a certain Intelligence of his being in your House.

*Sub.* Why, look you, Sir, I scorn to affront any Gentleman; but, no offence I hope, really, you *lye*.

*1 Mess.* He was seen to come in here not an Hour ago.

*Sub.* Why then he may be gone half an hour ago,

*2 Mess.* Look you, Landlord, if you screen him from Justice, be it at your Peril, you shall severely pay for it

*Sub.* Why how now, Scrub, who are you that come to threaten a Man, who has serv'd all Offices of the Parish, thus in his own House; is my Honour or Reputation to be question'd, Sirrah, who have been Church-warden and Overseer of the Poor?

*1 Mess.* But, good Mr. *Substance*: —

*Sub.* A Sorry Fellow! But pray let me know what is the Gentleman's Crime, that you enquire after?

*1 Mess.* He has robb'd his Father of a large sum of Gold.

*Sub.* Ha, ha, ha! A secure Robbery indeed: I suppose, that is robbing himself in the long run.

*1 Mess.* Why you seem to make a Jest of it.

*Sub.* Not at all, not at all; — but, since he is such a Rogue, I'll give you the best Information I can about him.

*2 Mess.* That will be kind, good Mr. *Substance*.

*Sub.* Why then, you must know, that there were three Gentlemen here this Morning, and one of them may be the very Person you look for; he had a Bag, which I confess gave me some concern, lest it should fall into bad hands upon the Road; I cou'd have been glad to have taken care of it for him myself.

*1 Mess.* Did you hear them say which way they were going?

*Sub.*

*Sub.* No, Faith: — I wish I had, (*Aside.*) but it is my Opinion, they are gone to *Newbury*.

2 *Mess.* For what Reason?

*Sub.* I'll tell you. The same Gentlemen were here last Night, and drink'd some of my *Newbury* Beer; it pleas'd them so well, that they said they wou'd go twenty Miles for a merry Carouse of it; therefore (d'y'see) I imagine they may be gone that way, to have it genuine.

1 *Mess.* Will you favour us with a Description of their Horses and Apparel?

*Sub.* Yes, as good a one as you deserve, (*Aside.*) Let me see! two of their Horses were Grey, and one Black, their Great Coats pretty much alike, of a darkish Brown: They were all upon Bays, and not a Great Coat among them. (*Aside.*)

1 *Mess.* We thank you, honest Mr. *Substance*; we will pursue them with Expedition, and, if we meet with them, you shall not want a proper Acknowledgment, I assure you. Your humble Servant.

[*Exeunt Mess.*]

*Sub.* A Man has no more chance to escape with these Catch-pole Dogs after him, than a Hare with a pack of Hounds at her Scut in full Cry: How close they hunt; but they must have good Noses, if they find now; for, I can tell them, the Scent don't lie their Way. I am glad the Fellow ask'd me for Intelligence; if they succeed by my Instructions, the Devil must be in them; for I have put them a little out of the Tract. Who knows, the young Fellows may come again, and be good Customers. It wou'd be pity to nip them in the Bud, for robbing a Father too: Egad, I can conceive no great Crime in that. I am sure I have robb'd my Father a hundred and a hundred Times.

BRUSH *Enters.*

*Brush.* I find, Neighbour *Substance*, it is to no purpose to rely upon your assistance, in letting me know



know of a Jobb: I must e'en look out for myself, or run away.

*Sub.* Have patience, Mr. *Brush*, have patience.

*Brush.* But my Creditors have no patience; and I must be forc'd to turn Rogue, to support my Character in the World. I have not taken enough in my Shop for a Month pass'd to pay my House-Rent; and my Dealers will be put off no longer, tho', I am sure, I am put off long enough myself by those who owe me Money.

*Sub.* But if I was in your Way of Business I wou'd not be put off.

*Brush.* Then you must not deal as I do, with People of Quality, to whom, when I apply for a just Debt, I must receive my Answer at the Door; or, if I have a mind to walk three or four Hours in the Street, to wait his Lordship's coming out, I, am promis'd my Money to-morrow, and that is a Day I never saw yet

*Sub.* What, do all your great People pay so ill then?

*Brush.* No; there are some of them that pay ready Money; but then they expect one's Goods for half the Value: So, in short, my Fortune being desperate, am resolv'd on the Highway. If I keep at home, I am sure of a Goal; and, if I take the other Course, I may chance to escape.

*Sub.* Why, that's good Reasoning; I had you in my thoughts this Morning, I assure you; for here went away a Gentleman with a swingeing Bag of Temptation; but then there were two more with him; and three to one are too great Odds: But, adds my Life! now I think of it, there's an old Fellow, a Country Shop keeper, will be going away presently; he must be rich; for he wo'nt allow himself Necessaries; the Rogue had but half a Pint of Ale to his Supper last Night. Come, if you'll go into the Kitchen, we may have an Opportunity to discourse him, and perhaps make him inform you himself, which is the best way to rob him.

*Brush.*

Or, a Ramble to Oxford, 7  
*Brusb.* With all my Heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE Changes.

COURTEL *sitting at a Table smoaking.*

Enter RAKELY, RAMBLE and WILD-  
ING.

*Rake.* Thus far, my Lads, we have scour'd along,  
and had a pleasant Journey.——Hey, House:  
[Calling.

SHADOW *Enters.*

*Shad.* Gentlemen, your humble Servant.

*Ram.* Well, Landlord, what Entertainment can  
we have with you? I am afraid but a poor one by  
your looks.

*Shad.* Alack-a day, Sir, this is indeed a very  
poor Place, but we don't starve our Guests, tho'  
they starve us. What Wine do you drink, Gen-  
tlemen?

*Rake.* Honest Port: But pray what is your Name,  
Landlord?

*Shad.* Shadow, Sir, at your Service. Will you  
be pleas'd to sit, Gentlemen. (Calling) Here, Slender!  
a Bottle of Red-port in the Star.

*Slender within*] Coming, coming, Sir.

*shad.* There's a sweet Lad now, he has a Voice  
like a *Farnelli*, and, tho' I say it, is as active  
as a *Harliquine*.

Enter SLENDER with Wine.

*Rake.* And this is your Son, Mr. Shadow?

*shad.* Ah, Sir, look on him, do you question it?

*Rake.* Not I, truly.

*Shad.* Why, our Parson says, he is the very Mor-  
tal of his Father, and that *Old Shadow* will never  
be

be dead, while *Young slender* lives ; but the Parson is very thin himself. [*Exit Slen.*]

*Ram.* Have you never a Daughter, Landlord?

*Shad.* Yes, Sir, I have a Girl, but she takes after her poor Mother, rest her Soul.—She is as Plump as a Pullet with Egg, and has a Skin like Virgin's Wax. She is a little engaged at present, but she shall wait on you.

*Rake.* We disturb this honest Gentleman, I fear.

*Court.* Not at all, Sir.

*Shad.* Ay, Sir, the *Doctor* is an honest Gentleman, willing to disturb no-body : — If you did but know him. [*Exit Shad.*]

*Court.* Mr. *Shadow*, Gentlemen, is my particular Friend ; he may make free with me ; I'll go into another Room.

*Rake.* By no means, Sir, we shou'd be glad of your Company, the little Time we stay.

*Ram.* Sir my Service to you : [*Drinks.*] I presume you are a Doctor of Physick.

*Court.* Yes, Sir, I suppose I don't look like a Doctor of Souls : Your Healths, Gentlemen : (*Drinks.*) Pray what sort of Travelling is it ?

*Wild.* Exceeding fine, indeed. But you look like a Traveller yourself.

*Court.* Within a few Miles of home, with my Medicines ; I hope no disgrace, Gentlemen, I have travell'd for my Knowledge, I have a Pill will cure all Distempers.

*Rake.* Surely this is *Ward!* (*Aside.*) all Distempers ?

*Court.* Yes, Sir, all Distempers : I never once mistake, if it is taken rightly : — (*Aside.*) That is, at the Heart or Brain.

*Rake.* Wonderful ! I shou'd be glad to know your Place of Abode. Do you ever advertise ?

*Court.* Advertise ! No, Sir, I'm above that.— Woe betide me, if I shou'd be advertis'd. [*Aside.*]

*Rake.* May I crave your Name, Sir ?

*Court.* *Courtel*, Sir, at your Service.

*Ram.* A very base Name, indeed : — Ha, ha, ha!

*Court.*



*Court.* Yes, Sir, and when I am play'd upon shall make rough Musick, I assure you.

[*In a Passion.*

*Rake.* Dear Doctor, excuse my Friend, he meant not to affront you: We are merry Fellows; our whole Business is Mirth. Come, *Doctor*, your Health.

[*Drinks.*

*Court.* Oh, Sir, no body loves Mirth more than myself. [*Musick without.*] Ah! very *a propos*; there is Musick, if you think that any addition to Mirth.

*Rake.* Nothing more to me.

*Court.* There are two Fellows play exceeding well, what say you, Gentlemen, shall we send for them in?

*All.* With all our Hearts.

[*Courtel Rings.*

SHADOW *Enters.*

*Shad.* Did you call, Gentlemen?

*Court.* Landlord, bid those Fellows get their Instruments in order, — to play us a Tune.

*Shad.* What the Pox does he mean? [*Aside.*] I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Rake.* We'll have one Tune, and then proceed on our Journey.

*Enter* QUEERBOW and PRIME.

*Queer.* What does he mean by getting our Instruments in Order, does he mean our Pops or our Crowds? But we'll wait the Word of command.

[*Aside.*

*Court.* Honest Friends, play us a Tune.

[*They play.*

*Ram.* This may be very fine, for ought I know; but methinks it is but dull.

*Rake.* Here, honest Friends, is something for you. [*Gives Money.* *Queer. and Prime goes.*] And now tis Time for us to think of pursuing our Journey. I hope,

hope, *Doctor*, we shall hereafter have the Pleasure of meeting together in *London*.

*Court.* And before too, or I am damnably bit. [*Aside.*] Your most obedient Servant, Sir, I shall be proud to kiss your Hands, Gentlemen. I wish you a good Journey.

[*Exeunt Rak. Ram. Wild. and Court.*]

*Enter QUEERBOW and PRIME.*

*Prime.* What the Plague did the Captain mean by sending for us to play Tunes, and to be so poorly pay'd for them?

*Queer.* I am of opinion we have taken a wrong Step; when he sent for us to get our Instruments ready, he did not mean our Fiddles.

*Enter COURTEL in haste, and SLENDER with disguised Dresses.*

*Court.* Come, Gentlemen, the Puts are padded, and we must pursue them. There is Cole in the Case, and our Horses, you know, are all ready; come get your Tackle, metamorphos and mount.

[*They put on Disguises.*]

*Slen.* Well, Heaven send you good luck! for they must have no Conscience that will swear to you.

*Queer.* *Allon's, most noble Captain, lead the Way,  
When Cole's the Word, how chearful all obey.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter SHADOW and DOLLY.*

*Sbad.* Well, my dear Dolly, what success? you have had a fine Spark, I wou'd not disturb you.

*Doll.* Really, Dad, never worse: You see how one may be deceiv'd by outward Appearances; for  
notwith-

notwithstanding his lac'd Coat, the impudent Rogue, when I insisted on a Present, swore he had not enough to pay the Reckoning.

*Shad.* And you took his word?

*Doll.* Not till I made a Dive into his Pockets; from whence I brought up nothing but a Brass Shilling, a pack of Cards, and a Pill-box.

*Shad.* Perhaps his wealth lay in Paper. Had he no Bills?

*Doll.* Yes, two, a Quack Doctor's in Print, and a Taylor's in Writing.

*Shad.* This was unlucky; but all will be made amends by Captain *Courtel* and his Company, when they come back; they are in pursuit of a noble Prize, I dare say; so, my Dear, see and provide for them; get their Cloaths ready for a Change, while I and *Slender* go into the Barn to make a Place for their Horses to stand behind the Hay-mow: But, harkey', *Dolly*, wash and perfume yourself a little, it won't be amiss; you may come in for the greatest share of the Booty: — There will be Cole enough, Girl.

*Doll.* But suppose, Daddy, you shou'd be mistaken, as you was last Week?

*Shad.* Suppose me no supposes; I tell you we have it dead safe. Why, sure, I have not dealt this way so long, but I know what is what.

*Doll.* Well, Sir, it is not my business to dispute.

[Exit *Dolly*.]

COURTEL Enters.

*Court.* Oh, dear Mr. *Shadow*, lend me another Disguise in a Minute; for poor *Prime* and *Queer-bow* are both taken, and I am afraid will squeak.

*Shad.* How, squeak! Then it is time for me to take care of one; why really, Mr. *Courtel*, your manner of living is very scandalous; I always thought it wou'd come to this; and I don't care to harbour you in my House any longer.



*Court.* How, Sirrah! are you such a Traitor— Then, since the greatest Part of what we have acquired has fallen into your Hands, I shall make no Scruple of insisting upon your refunding a little, or so——say one Word, and you are a dead Man.

[*Putting a Pistol to his Breast.*

*Shad.* So I am, go which way it will, I fear. O Lord have some Pity! [*Courtel binds him.*

*Court.* And now, if your Daughter shews me not all her Treasure, she shares the same Fate. [*Exit.*

*Shad.* Now must I hold my Tongue, for fear of having my Brains blown out. Ay, there I hear the Rogue rattling among my Plate: Now he is at my Scrutore: — Quite ruin'd, quite ruin'd: — Oh! miserable *Shadow*, thou wilt lose all thy Substance: — Oh, oh, oh!

*COURTEL enters loaded with Treasure.*

*Court.* Was ever Rogue so happy to steal the same Goods twice over?

*Shad.* I hope you won't grudge to be hang'd twice over too.

*Court.* I must needs say, *Shadow*, it was kind to preserve these Things for a Time of Distress. Your humble Servant, Sir, I will come and unbind you, when I have no better Employment. [*Exit.*

*Shad.* The unconscionable Dog, to take all.

[*Dolly behind the Scenes.*] O! help, help, I am undone! I am undone!

*Shad.* Then come, and undo me, Hussy.

*Enter CONSTABLE, and three COUNTRYMEN.*

*Const.* Who's here? Where are the Villains that came hither to make their Escape? The Rogues who attack'd the Gentlemen just now on the Heath. Search the House over.

*Shad.* Oh! good Master Constable, untye me, and I'll assist you with all my heart.

*Const.*

*Const.* Hey-day ! what's here, Mr. *Shadow* himself in Bonds ? What's the Meaning of this ?

*Shad.* Only robb'd and drain'd, that's all Neighbour : My Daughter's bound in the next Room too, let somebody unbind her. [*1 Countryman goes.*

*2 Count.* I, an't please you, Mr. *Constable*, saw the Rogue put his Horse in the Barn.

*3 Count.* And so did I, so please you.

*Const.* Your House, Mr. *Shadow*, has been under a bad Name a long Time, for harbouring these sort of People ; and I don't doubt but we shall catch you at last. So come along. [*They all go.*

DOLLY Enters.

*Doll.* You may search. Was there ever such a Rogue ? he has swept the House as clean as a Mouse-trap, and left no Bait in it but myself : But then to lose my Jewels ! Oh ! my poor Necklace and Earrings, they were such Temptations, as Men of the first Quality cou'd not resist, and have brought me acquainted with so many, when I was dress'd, that I believe o' my Conscience I cou'd know a Man of Quality in the Dark.

Re-enter CONSTABLE, SHADOW, &c.

*Const.* Well, Landlord, since you are so honest, as I now believe you to be, I am sorry you have been so ill-used. I'll endeavour to do you Justice in your Neighbourhood, and wipe off the Scandal you have lain under. [*Exit. Const. and Countrymen.*

*Shad.* Of a great Loss I think it's a good one, for if the Plate had been found here, I had been squeez'd, indeed : And now, thank my Stars, I have sav'd my Reputation.

*Doll.* But will that maintain your Family, Dad ? Beside, what Scandal can be so great as that of being Poor ? Oh ! my Jewels, my Jewels, I shall run distracted !

*Shad.*

*Shad.* Let us be industrious, Child, and Fortune will still provide for us.

*Doll.* But what if the Rogues shou'd peach, Father?

*Shad.* That wou'd be bad, as you say; for now all my Wealth is gone, I shou'd find no Mercy, that is certain. [Knocking without.]

*Queerbow without.* Oh! dear *Dolly*, open the Door.

*Doll.* Odds-fo, Father, here are those Rogues *Queerbow* and *Prime* come back again.

*Shad.* Loaded with Spoil, perhaps: Let them in, Girl. I told you Fortune wou'd provide for us.—

*Enter QUEERBOW and PRIME.*

Oh! Gentlemen, I am glad to see you alive. I was much afraid you had been all secured; pray how did you escape?

*Prime.* Why, you must know, as soon as we bid the Gentlemen stand, and deliver, they whipp'd out their Pops, and boldly bid us Defiance: The Captain turn'd Tail, and we rode forward, with a Hue-and-cry at our Heels; but knowing the Cross roads, better than they, we at last got clear of them; but we hear the Captain is taken, and I am not sorry for't, because he behaved like a Coward.

*Shad. aside.]* Yes, he is taken with a Pox to him. Come Hussy, shew the Gentlemen to their Beds, you know they were out all Night; I'll warrant they are heartily tir'd, and give them something warm.—Learn if they have met with any Thing in their Way. [Aside.]

*Doll.* Come, Gentlemen, I'll attend you.

*Queer.* Mr. *Shadow*, if you see any Thing go by, that is worth while, give us a Call: We'll lye down in our Cloaths.

*Shad.* Leave that to me. [Exeunt Doll. Prime, and Queerbow.] — I hope these Rogues have brought Home some Booty, to help to make up my Loss



Lofs. I have been often at a low Ebb, and yet rais'd myself again. I'll not despair; I have a good pretty Wench for my Daughter, who knows the World, and can get Money, especially where she is a Stranger. Come, that's a good Commodity, if I shou'd be forc'd to fly for it. A Handsome Wife or Daughter have oftentimes retriev'd the shatter'd Affairs of a Family.

*SLENDER enters with his Hands ty'd behind.*

*slen.* Ah! dear Father, I have torn my very Wind-pipe with calling for you.

*shad.* Hey-day! what more Roguery. What means this?

*slen.* Why, Father, the Captain had a good Booty, so I, ask'd him to make me a Present, and he said, Ay, come into the Barn and we'll share it; I goes, and there he ty'd me fast to the main Beam, and he said he was only in Jest: But Pox on all such Jests for me, for I thought I never should get loose.

*shad.* Poor Boy, come lets untye thee——

*DOLLY enters.*

Here's another Proof of the Captain's Villany. Well, what News, my dear *Dolly*?

*Doll.* Bad enough; they have not got a Shilling between them.

*slen.* Oh lud! what with all that Bulk?

*Doll.* Come, hold your prating.

*shad.* I thought *Prime* had a Booty, by the Bulk of it; have they robb'd nobody?

*Doll.* Only a poor *Higgler*, who gave them Information of *Courtel's* being taken; they took but two Chickens, and five Penny-worth of Half-pence.

*slen.* That is not their fault, perhaps the poor Man had no more.

*Doll.* Stand you aside; but, Father, I have a thought come into my Head, to set us up again.

*shad.*

*Shad.* Which way, my Girl?

*Doll.* The Forty-pounds a piece, for taking them, and then you will save yourself, and so *Slender* and I will away to the Constable, while they are a sleep.

*Slen.* Ay, ah, come along, come along.

[*Exeunt Slender and Dolly.*]

*Shad.* 'Tis a good Thought, and I will pursue it; and when the Rogues are hang'd, and I have the Money, I'll ev'n turn honest, and write under my Sign in large Characters.

*You may come safely in, and need not fear;  
The Case is alter'd, Honesty lives here.*

*The End of the First Act.*



**A C T**



ACT II. SCENE I.

*The City of OXFORD.*

*Rakely, Ramble, and Wilding.*

*Rake.* SINCE we have been deceived once, we must take more Care of our Company for the future.

*Ram.* Faith, I believe we need not be much afraid of our Company in Oxford; for I don't see we shall meet with any.

*Drawer with Wine.*

*Harkey,* Drawer, dost know ever an honest Fellow of a College that loves to take a Bottle?

*Draw.* For that matter, Master, I know but very few that don't; they all love to drink well enough, if they did but love to pay for it as well.

*Rake.* Oh! the Gentleman who does us the Favour of his Company shall pay nothing.

*Draw.* Say you so, Sir? I'll fetch you half the University then.

*Ram.* One at a time, if you please.

*Draw.* Leave it to me, Gentlemen; but I pray, what sort of a Companion will suit you best? will you have a singing, lying, quibbling or a sober Sot.

*Rake.* Sober Sot, you Rogue, why that's a Contradiction.

*Draw.* Ah! lack-a-day, Sir, we deal in nothing else here; we have ignorant Scholars, pert Philosophers, solemn Buffoons, and College Beaux's. ———

D

*Ram.*



*Ram.* These are Contradictions, indeed. Well, let it be one of thy own Choice.

*Draw.* And I'll engage to shew you a Curiosity.  
(Exit Drawer.)

*Wild.* You never was at Oxford before, *Rakely*?

*Rake.* No, but I know as much of the Characters of the People, as if I had liv'd seven Years in College.

*Wild.* How came you by so much Knowledge?

*Rake.* From a quondam Mistress of mine; you remember my Father's House keeper, *Deb.*

*Wild.* Yes, very well.

*Rake.* She was born and bred in this City, and, having served half the Colleges here, was recommended to my old Dad, who gave her twenty Guineas for the Remnant of her Maidenhead; which is more by eighteen, than he would give to save me from the Gallows; but I was beholden to the Wench; for she lent me the whole Money.

*Ram.* She might have giv'n you Letters of Recommendation to some of your old Acquaintance.

*Rake.* You have no need of that.

*Ram.* How so?

*Rake.* I have that about me will bring Recommendation to College or Court.

*Wild.* True, *Rakely*, you defended your Money, when we were attacked with as much Vigour as I would have done my Mistress.

*Rake.* Why, he that defends his Gold, defends that which will pave his Way to his Mistress; and what is mine is my Friend's.

*Wild.* Profane not Love with such thought; nor rank my *Lucy* with the rest of her Sex.

*Rake.* Is not *Lucy* a Woman?

*Wild.* I hope so.

*Rake.* The Loadstone and the Steel never lose their Properties.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* You'll make me too warm on this Head, my Friend, if you insist on the Justness of your Simile.

*Ram.* I am glad to see you so seasonably interrupted; for our trusty Scout has been very expeditious.

*TIM* the Hostler enters in an old ragged Gown.

*Tim.* Your humble Servant, Gentlemen; you are welcome to Oxford.

*Rake.* Will you please to sit, Sir?

*Tim.* I presume you are Strangers to this Place.

*Ram.* Your Reason for thinking so?

*Tim.* If not, you would not be so sober this Evening.

*Rake.* I hope 'tis not the Custom to be drunk so soon.

*Tim.* Oh fie! Sir, Drunk! no, no, I only meant merry, nothing but Mirth is the Fashion here.

*Wild.* Prosperity, Sir, to the University of Oxford. [Drinks.]

*Tim.* With all my Heart; towards your good Health. [Drinks.]

*Rake.* Methinks this Fellow looks confounded poor, and awkward: I will make bold a little with him (*Aside.*) How long have you been at College, Sir? If one may guess by your Garb, you are of long standing.

*Tim.* About three Years, Sir.

*Rake.* What is your chief study? you look like a Philosopher.

*Tim.* Yes, Sir, Philosophy is my chief study, indeed.

*Ram.* I presume, Sir, you have never read that famous Author *Goclenius*.

*Rake.* Fie, *Tom*, to ask this grave Gentleman such a Question. He is never read but by the *Smarts*.

*Tim.* By no-body else, only the *Smarts*, Sir?

*Rake.* But I dare say you take great Delight in the *Classics*, Sir.

*The Humours of the Road:*

*Tim.* S'death, that's a Question I never had put to me before: I do'nt know what to say: however, I must do my best (*Aside.*) Yes, yes, I have read 'em both.

*Rake.* Both, Sir?

*Tim.* Ay, *Classic the Elder*, and *Classic the Younger*, you know.

*Rake.* Ignorant Rogue! (*Aside.*)

*Wild.* This is a Cheat. (*Aside.*)

*Rake.* Let me alone with him. (*Aside.*) Pray, Sir, may I crave your Name?

*Tim.* *Timothy Rubwell*, Sir.

*Rake.* Ha, ha, ha, and pray of what College?

*Tim.* I'm discover'd, before I had an Opportunity to crack one of Mr. *Pedant's* Jokes. Impudence and a Jest must help me out. (*Aside.*) Why truly, I'm of 'em all.

*Rake.* And how came you by this Gown, Sirrah?  
[*Lays hold on him.*]

*Tim.* Gentlemen, if you'll pardon me, (*falling on his Knees*) for attempting to impose upon you, I'll tell you the whole Truth.

*Rake.* See you do, Sirrah. In the first Place, who are you?

*Tim.* You must know, Sir, I have liv'd in this House about three Years, and in all Capacities, as Hostler, Brewer, Tapster, Cook, and Chamberlain, on Occasion.

*Rake.* And how came you by this Gown, Sirrah?

*Tim.* Ah, dear Gentlemen, to tell you the Truth, there is one Squire *Tipstaff*, that uses our House, and keeps his Race Horses here: He is Son to a noted Knight of that Name. So, Sir, complaining to him that I wanted Cloths to rub the Horses with, he gave me this Gown off his Back; but I knew the Value of it too well, to put it to such a Use, therefore lay'd it by for these Occasions, and rubb'd down his Horses with my Wastecoa.

*Rake.* And pray of what other Uses can it be to you?

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Oh, Sir, a great many ; as you are so kind, Gentlemen, to pardon me, I will hide nothing from you. In the first Place, if a Friend wants to have a handsome Excuse made for him, or in plain Terms a round Lie told for his Interest, who can disbelieve the Gown ?

*Wild.* Very good.

*Tim.* Then, Sir, if a Stranger comes to Town, as you may be, and has a mind to divert himself with any of our Ladies, a-lack-a-day, they'll not be seen without a Gownsmen in Company ; there is my young Mistress, that serves most of the Colleges, wou'd think it a great Disgrace to sit half an Hour in Company without a Gownsmen in it : Upon such an Occasion you know, Sir, I can equip a worthy Gentleman with a proper Habilliment, and he can equip your humble Servant with half a Crown.

*Rake.* This is not all yet, *Tim.*

*Tim.* No, Sir, no : Then I'll tell you farther ; My young Mistress comes to me ; *Tim*, say'd she, here are some young Gentlemen want Company : You have got a Gown, you know ; and, Mr. *Thoroughbrass* being out of the way (That's a Gentleman that us'd to do the Business of the House upon these Occasions,) I wou'd have you supply his Place : they have sent the Drawer for a Fellow of a College, to make them merry : they seem to love Wit ; and you, *Tim*, don't want that : ——— That was her Compliment, Gentlemen.

*Rake.* Oh, 'tis extremely just : Mr. *Timothy*, proceed.

*Tim.* And so, Sir, I put on my Gown to wait on you : But let me tell you, Gentlemen, all who travel this Road are not so knowing as yourselves ; why, I kept Company with three *Middlesex Justices* a whole Week, and they took me to be a Man of great Learning ; but before I cou'd use any of the Jokes which I have learn'd about some of the Fellows, you quite undid me by such Questions as were never put to me before.

*Rake.*

*Rake.* But how do you serve your Mistress all this Time?

*Tim.* Why, Sir, my whole Business, when I get into such Company, is to drink hard, propose eating, tho' I have no stomach; and I have commonly a liking to nothing but Poultry and Wild-fowl, which bring most Profit, and are got with little Trouble; then, when the Reckoning is called for, I serve for a Voucher for twice as much as we have had in.

*Rake.* Well, *Tim*, since thou hast been so honest to make a free Confession, be assur'd of our Friendship as well as secrecy.

*Tim.* And in return, Gentlemen, to shew you I am a grateful Fellow, I'll entertain you with something in our Way in this City, which no body else has Power to do.

*Ram.* What is that, honest *Tim*?

*Tim.* You must know, I am Door-keeper, Messenger, and Drawer, to a certain Club of Collegiates, who are the merriest Fellows you ever saw; but they never shew their Mirth in Publick: Now, Gentlemen, I'll give you an Opportunity of beholding them undiscovered, when they are all in their Altitudes.

*Rake.* This would be a merry Scene.

*Ram.* But when shall we be so happy?

*Tim.* This Evening they meet here, and have an Entertainment at the Expence of a young Nobleman, who has the Misfortune to be made believe he has got a Wench with Child; and, if Care be not taken to make it up with these Gentlemen, he's expell'd, and that is a most terrible Affair.

*Ram.* Well, honest *Tim*, we'll discharge the Reckoning, and then retire for a favourable Opportunity: So let us know.

*Tim.* Gentlemen, I am your most humble Servant. ——— I depend on your Secrecy.

*All.* Be assured. [Ex. *Tim.*

*Rake.* What do you think of this Fellow?

*Ram.*

*Ram.* A useful honest Dog, and may let us see more of the *Humours of Oxford*, than we did in the late Play of that Name.

*Wild.* Or, perhaps be a Means to find out my lovely *Lucy* : Shall we employ him in the Affair?

*All.* With all our Hearts. [*Ringing bard without.*] *Tim* enters.

*Tim.* Gentlemen, now is your Time, prepare yourselves; for that ringing is the Company I told you of: They always sneak in at the Back-door. I'll run, and bring Word when they're settled. [*Ringing again.*] Coming, coming, coming. [*Ex. Tim.*]

*Wild.* 'Tis impossible to miss finding her, if *Tim* is employ'd, he seems such a dextrous Fellow.

*Ram.* The Rogue is a mere *Mercury*, or a well-bred Spaniel; give him but the Scent, and he will hit his Game, I'll warrant.

*Wild.* If *Rakely* don't employ too much of his Time in his usual Amours.

*Rake.* Not I, upon my Honour; I always serve my Friend first, you know it.

T I M Enters.

*Tim.* 'Tis as I say'd, Gentlemen, the *Dons* are come; and if you will follow me, I'll put you in a Place where you shall stand undiscover'd, and see and hear all that passes.

SCENE changes, and discovers six Schollars in their Gowns, setting as Fellows, at a Table with Lord SIMPLE.

*Sen. Fel.* You must not think, my Lord, that we are Abettors of your Crime, because we favour you with this private Reprimand. The Honour we bear to the Memory of your Father, who was our Friend, is the Occasion of this Indulgence.

*Lord Sim.* I'm oblig'd to my Father, then.

*Sen. Fel.* Not to him alone: Your Lordship's Quality — Lord



*Lord Sim.* Then I'm oblig'd to that, I find.

*2d Fel.* Not wholly so. — The early Promises you give of being a great and learned Man —

*Lord Sim.* He knows I can't construe a Line in *Horace*, nor a Word of *Greek*. (*Aside.*) — prevail upon us to make up this Affair for you, and save you from the shame of Expulsion.

*Lord Sim.* 'Tis very kind, — and what's to be the Purchase of these good Offices?

*Sen. Fel.* Ungenerous Lord: think you that we'll contaminate our Hands, and barter for your Vice.

*3d Fel.* Your Lordship must submit to publick Censure.

[*In a passion.*]

*Lord Sim.* Why so warm, why so warm, Gentlemen? I only meant what Acknowledgment must be made to the Lady?

*4th Fel.* You misunderstood his Lordship. — My Lord, you will excuse the Warmth of my Brother *Carbuncle*. We, who pride ourselves in the Austerity of our Lives, and the Cleanness of our Hands, are shock'd at the Insinuation of a Bribe; but as it was a Mistake: —

*Sen. Fel.* As it was a Mistake, my Lord, I ask your Pardon.

*Lord Sim.* That I readily grant, as I will any Thing else to have this Affair kept secret: Therefore to the Purpose, and let me know what is expected of me.

*5th Fel.* With Submission to my learned Brothers, as I have undertook to treat with the Lady, I'll speak, as she is of a good Family, and considering your Lordship's Quality, an hundred Pounds: —

*Lord Sim.* An hundred Pounds! 'tis more than I can command at present.

*5th Fel.* Have Patience, my Lord; considering your Quality, I say, an hundred Pounds might be expected; but I have agreed for fifty to have it all as quiet as if nothing had happen'd.

*Sen.*

*Sen. Fel.* But don't desire us to be the Paymasters: give it her yourself (*to Lord Simple.*) Do you prevent that Brother *Bibber*. [*Aside to Bibber.*]

3 *Fel.* As we have done thus much for his Lordship, I'll save him from the Disgrace of paying his Mistress; and take an Opportunity at the same time to give proper Discipline to the Wench.—— As I have often done before. (*Aside.*) [*Lord Simple lays down the Money.*]

*Lord Sim.* Well, Gentlemen, I have nothing further to do, than to return you Thanks, and wish you well. [*Ex. Lord Simple.*]

*Sen. Fel.* Ha, ha, ha! a well manag'd Affair. Come let me see the Money, [*looking on the Money.*] Fifty Pounds, Ten of which must go to the Girl, two Guineas to *Tim*, for bringing her and *Lord Simple* together; and, perhaps, she may swear it to another rich Fool, which will bring in more Profit, and make another such a Business.

[*Tim enters.*] Well, *Tim*, here is two Guineas for thee, the Wages of thy Fidelity.

*Tim.* I always said you Gentlemen were Men of Honour. Supper is upon Table, if ye please to walk into the next Room: I'll wait upon you presently. [*The Fellows go, Rakely, Ramble, and Wilding come forward.*]

*Rake.* This is a pleasant Scene, *Tim*, how often do they meet?

*Tim.* Twice a Week, but not so often on these Affairs.

*Rake.* I suppose these false Steps happen but seldom.

*Tim.* Yes, 'Faith, Sir, pretty frequent, considering: But you must know, the old Dogs always escape, tho' they do the greatest Part of the Work, and the young Curs only are caught, as thus. If a Girl proves with Child ——— by any on the Establishment, I am informed of it, and the first fresh Man that comes to me to get him a Wench, (for that's a part of my Occupation) I have my

E

Reward

Reward from the *Dons* on the Establishment for making my *Tyro* the Father. This is poor Lord *Simple's* Case, a young Nobleman of about twenty Years of Age, and Heir to a great Estate; he has been at College but three Months, and I help'd him to the Girl the first Day he came.

*Wild.* But *Tim*, methinks this is a very odd Affair to be carried on by Men of such Learning.

*Tim.* Why ay, 'tis so. But don't you know I told you we had ignorant Scholars.

*Wild.* I hope you don't do this to make them wise.

*Tim.* Indeed but we do, and if this won't mend him, all the Learning they can give him can't.—— Now, Gentlemen, to confirm that I am a Fellow of Honour, I'll let you into the greatest Secret of all.

*Ram.* What is that, *Tim*?

*Tim.* Why, Sir, that very Scene was all a Joke, for there was not a real Fellow of a College among them all.

*Wild.* Monstrous! how can that be?

*Tim.* Why, Sir, we have such Philosophers, sometimes, as his Lordship, but I think him fitter for a Boarding School, than the University.

*Wild.* Why, really, *Tim*, I'm of thy Opinion.

*Tim.* Ay! but all young Noblemen must come to a University, to fit them for their Travels, which I understand is his Lordship's Case; he won't stay long here, but he'll be a compleat Gentleman when he has made the Tour of *Italy*.

*Ram.* No doubt on't, *England's* but a poor Place to educate a Man of Quality now-a-days.

*Wild.* But prithee, *Tim*, who are these solid Gentlemen that can put on such Gravity?

*Tim.* They are Students, and Men of Honour, I'll introduce you to them at a proper Time.

*Rake.* Harkee, *Tim*, can't you serve a Friend, upon a Pinch, without proclaiming it? (*Aside to*

*Tim.*

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Yes, Sir, I can do such a thing ; but if it should be known. ———

*Rake.* Confide in me, I have more Honour than to betray my Friend : I hope you think so.

*Tim.* Indeed I do. (*Knocking hard without.*) Well, Gentlemen, I'll wait on you presently. Now is the hectoring Fellow, *Tipstaff*, got drunk, and will put the whole House in an Uproar.

SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter *TIPSTAFF* and *SALLY*.

*Tip.* What no Attendance here ? What's the Meaning of this, you little Jade, you? (*Hiccups.*)

*Sall.* Lord, Squire, how can you use us so? You know we sat up late last Night upon your Account : I really thought the College had been on fire, and you were knocking for Water to quench it.

*Tip.* No, no, my Dear, it is I am on fire, and am lucky to meet you so opportunely to quench me : Come, my Dear, bestow one Bucket on me.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

*Sall.* Good Mr. *Tipstaff*, don't be so ready to exercise your Authority. [*Slaps him.*]

*Tip.* Why, you young Jade, does the Time of Night make such a Difference ! Now should I have taken this for a very complying Hour. But it may be I am altered since Yesterday in the Afternoon ; you seemed fond enough of my Person then : Come, will you surrender on the usual Terms?

*Sall.* What, upon Credit ? No, Sir, stand off.

[*Pushes him.*]

*Tip.* Then I must be forced to storm your Citadel.

*Sall.* As I hope for Mercy, I'll cry out.

*Tip.* Do then, I'am resolv'd. [*Lays hold of her.*]

*Sall.* Stand off, Sirrah ; Help, help.

*Enters* MOTHER *in Disorder*, RAKELY, RAMBLE and WILDING.

*Mother.* What is the meaning of all this Disturbance? I can assure you I'll have you expelled the College for this Behaviour. Can't you be contented, when you have had the Attendance of a civil House, drinking and swearing all Night, to go home soberly in the Morning?

*Tip.* Utterly impossible, by the Gods! my most venerable Sibyl.

*Sall.* You mistake the Matter, Mother: Mr. *Tipstaff* has got his Load elsewhere, and is but just come in here to begin his Riots.

*Mother.* Very fine, indeed! that is the way to pay for my Licence, and my Liquors, is it? But I'll make an Example of him.

*Rake. to Sally.* I hope you are recovered from your Fright, Madam; I can assure you, it was the great Regard I have for you, brought me hither.

*Tip.* Odds my Life, here are strange Gentlemen come to Town: Gentlemen, will you sit down, and take a hearty Bottle?

*Mother.* Ah! now he begins to talk Reason.

*Rake.* No, Sir, you seem to have had enough, and so have we.

*Mother.* For that Matter, a Bottle or two extraordinary never hurts the *Squire*; but pray, Gentlemen, don't disorder yourselves: I would not for the World, that any civil Person should be disordered in my House.

*Tip.* Unless you have the Profit of it. In your House! These are Milkshops. I have no Money; but bring me a Bottle of *Priest Port*, such as the *Sculls* Drink.

*Mother.* No Money, and make all this Noise? Secure him, *Tim*. Lay him upon the Green Room Bed, he shan't go out to make a Noise in the

the Street to disparage my House ; so lock the Door, and bring me the Key.

[*Tim takes out Tipstaff.*]

*Rake.* Pray, Madam, who is this prime Piece of Rascality ?

*Mother.* He is Son and Heir to Sir *Turnkey Tipstaff*, who was formerly a Goal Keeper in *London* ; by which Post he acquired a large Fortune, and has placed this Hope of the Family here, in order to be brought up to the Bar ; but it is pitty so much good Learning should be thrown away on such a Mungril.

*Rake.* I dare say, Madam, he'll take none away from the *University* : Their Capital Stock won't be diminished by him I'll warrant.

*Enters T I M.*

*Tim.* I have secured him, Madam ; and there is the Key.

*Mother.* That's well ; then we may go to rest. Gentlemen, your humble Servant ; whatever is in the House is at any Time at the Command of Gentlemen, who behave so civilly as you do : And, tho' I say it, the Widow *Forcettrade's* House shall always support its Reputation. A good Night to you, Gentlemen.

*Sally.* And my Thanks is the best Return in my Power at present. [*Exit Mother and Sally.*]

*Rake.* We are obliged to you, Madam. — Well, *Tim.* what Diverſion have you in a Morning here ?

*Tim.* We are very barren of Morning Diverſions here, unless you'll go to Prayers, and there you may see the prettiest Ladies this City affords.

*Wild.* And, perhaps, meet with my dearest *Lucy* ; but we will retire into our Room again for an Hour or two.

*Tim.* If you please, and I will wait on you presently. [*Exeunt Rakely, Ramble, and Wilding.*]

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Well, these are the honestest Cocks I ever met with : If they don't take me to *London* with them, egad, I'll follow them. [*Tipstaff enters staggering.*] How the Plague could you get here, and the Door lock'd ?

*Tip.* How the Plague do you think, Sirrah, but through the Window ?

*Tim.* Ah ! it must be a strong House that holds you ; but you may come to a Window that you can't get out at.

*Tip.* To the Stables, Sirrah, and look to my Horses.

*Tim.* I'll have nothing to do with your Horses, nor you neither.——

*Tip.* No, Scoundrel, no more you shan't long, for I'll take them away ; your Mistress refused to trust me with a Bottle ; for which I'll ruin her. I'll carry young *Soaknose* and Doctor *Bumper* to another House, and then see what will become of her. What is't a Clock ?

*Tim.* Twelve.

*Tip.* Then I'll go look out for a good Companion to spend the Evening with soberly, like a Fellow of a College.

[*Ex. Tipstaff reeling.*]

*Enters SALLY.*

*Tim.* Lord, Madam Sally, *Tipstaff* is gone off.

*Sall.* I heard the Scoundrel ; but how got he out ? you lock'd the Door ; well, since 'tis so, pray secure his Horses, for I'm sure he'll soon be expelled.

*Tim.* Leave that to me : I'll warrant he don't get his Horses out at the Window.

*Sall.* But pray where are the Gentlemen ?

*Tim.* Retired to a Room for a little Business, to contemplate I suppose.

*Sall.* To contemplate, as Mr. *Pedant* says, the Beauties of *Maudlin's*. Did they make no Reflection on *Tipstaff's* Behaviour ?

*Tim.*

*Tim.* No, Madam, they seem to have too great an Opinion of your Modesty, to mind any thing said by a drunken Man : And, for my Part, I behav'd to a Miracle ; and all's well.

*Sall.* Here they come, good *Tim*, be careful of my Reputation. [Exit. *Sall.*

Enter RAKELY, RAMBLE, and WILD-ING.

*Ram.* Well *Tim*. What fresh Business upon your Hands ?

*Tim.* Nothing new, Gentlemen : I hope you are not disturbed

*Rake.* Not at all ; but 'tis now almost time to go to Bed. Harkee, *Tim*, (*Aside to Tim.*) Here's my Hand on't, if you assist me, I'll be grateful, and here's an Earnest. [*Gives him Money.*] You remember your Promise.

*Tim.* 'Tis true, Sir, I did promise you — Let me see — What can I recommend you to ? — 'Tis very late — You have such a winning Way with you, that I can't resist the Inclination I have to serve you — What think you of my young Mistress ?

*Rake.* That, *Tim*, would be too great a Favour.

*Tim.* Now what a Rogue am I, to set a Trap to Cuckold myself ? (*Aside.*) But to serve such a Friend, I'll do it.

*Rake.* Ah ! my dear *Tim*, but how ?

*Tim.* Follow me into the great Room on the right Hand, when you are going to Bed, and by the Instructions I'll there give you, I'll warrant you succeed.

*Rake.* Dear Boy, I'll be ready.

*Tim.* Well, Gentlemen, when you are for Bed, I am at your Service. (*Exit. Tim.*

*Ram.*

*Ram.* will you never leave intriguing *Rakely*? Now have you sent poor *Tim* of an Errand, for which he may get his Bones broke.

*Wild.* I desire you to be careful, for *Oxford* is a bad place for Intrigue; perhaps you've sent a Challenge to *Tipstaff* for abusing our young Hosts.

*Rake.* No, you are both mistaken. If I succeed in my Undertaking, you may hear of it; if not, you sha'nt have the Pleasure of laughing at me: You'll excuse me for a while. If I don't return soon, you may conclude Success has crown'd my Wishes; and I'll see you early in the Morning. Adieu. [Exit.]

*Ram.* Of all the Fellows of Intrigue that I know, *Rakely* is the most successful: Nay, I never knew him miscarry.— He keeps a Register of his Amours.

*Wild.* He once gave it me to read; and I was tired before I had got half thro' it; but I think 'tis time for us to retire [bey go.]

#### SCENE Changes.

Enter *RAKELY* and *TIM*.

*Tim.* All's done, Sir; but you must know my young Mistress lies backward, within my old Mistress's Room, who is as watchful as a Cat, and always burns a Watch-light: Now, Sir, if you please to put on my Cloaths, you may pass through undiscovered; for the old Gentlewoman knows I have Business with her Daughter, and trusts me to go to her; and when you come to the young one, I'll warrant you are welcome in any Cloaths.

*Rake.* Ay, ay, Come *Tim*, strip, strip, in a Minute: — Well this is very kind and honest. There, — so, *Tim*, now which is the right Way.

[*Tim* puts on *Rakely's* Cloaths.]

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Now come hither, take this Candle in your Hand ; and go strait forwards as far as you can go.

*Rake.* Good Night, *Tim*, strait forward, you say ? (*Rakly goes.*)

*Tim.* Yes, yes, the Way is plain enough ; it's a beaten Path. Now will I go visit a Whore in these fine Cloaths. — Let me consider, how many Hours have I to myself ? It's now almost One, and they'll lie till Ten to-morrow at least. (*Feels in the Pockets.*) Ha ! what's here ? Gold, by Jove, and a fine Sum. — I must alter my Course — Let's see, the Gaming Table is now at its height ; I'll to it directly, and try whose Luck is best, his or mine : If I lose all the Money, I must make off ; if I have Success, I may be honest.

*'Tis on Success, Disgrace, or Fame, depends ;  
He's always Honest, who has gain'd his Ends.*

*The End of the Second Act.*





## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The Street, TIM alone.*

**W**ELL, Now I am ruined; curs'd Fortune, to lose all! that Rogue, *Tipstaff*, has drain'd me, notwithstanding I knew his Villany so well: Oh! this Itch to Gaming! Not one Soufe left: What shall I do? I will never go home again, that's certain.

*Enter two Messengers.*

**1 Mess.** Indeed but you shall, Sir; have we found you at last? You vile Rogue, to rob your own Father.

**Tim.** Rob my Father? Why, I don't know my Father.

**2 Mess.** Let's search the Rogue for the Money.  
[*Feels in his Pockets.*]

**Tim.** Ah! 'Faith, 'tis too late; every Soufe's gone.

**1 Mess.** And you shall go after it, Sirrah.

**Tim.** Upon my Word, Gentlemen, you are mistaken, I am not the Person you look for; I am only a poor Hostler at an Inn.

**2 Mess.** Here's a Rogue's Excuse. Yes, you look like an Hostler at an Inn: If you belong to any Inn, 'tis the *Chequer* Inn. Come along, no Words.

**Tim.** Oh! dear Gentlemen, not in so much hurry.—

**1 Mess.** No Words, come along, Sir.

SCENE

SCENE changes.

RAKELY and SALLY.

Sally Rings.

Sally. If you must leave me so soon, Sir, I'll bid Tim bring your Cloaths.

Drawer enters.

Draw. Madam, did you call?

Sall. Yes, for Tim; where is he?

Draw. Oh! dear Madam, Tim. Ah! Tim! poor Tim, is carry'd away this Minute, by two Men, for robbing his Father; they have put him in a Coach, and hurry'd him away to the Jail, I suppose: They would scarce give him Time to say a Word for himself.

Sall. Are you sure they carry'd him to the Jail?

Draw. They talk'd something of the Chequer Inn; 'tis true, Tim did look a little like a Rogue, when they carry'd him off; but I don't care to make Reflections on a Fellow Servant.

Sall. I am surpriz'd at what this can mean; well, very well.

[Exit Drawer.

Rak. How! said he, carry'd off? and for robbing his Father? What shall I say? My dearest Friends! My Money! My Gold!

Sall. Don't be surpriz'd, Sir, your Friends are well, I hope; I'll send and see.—What means all this?

[Aside.

Rake. Whether have they carried him, said he, to the Jail?

Sall. Yes, Sir, but I'll make a nearer Enquiry.—

Rake. Not for your Life; I am betray'd, persecuted, and ruined, and all my Gold lost.



*Sall.* What say you? Gold! In good Truth, I have wrong'd you of none; feel in your Pockets.

*Rake.* No, my Dear, you have had nothing from me, but with a kind Welcome; and yet I am ruin'd.

*Sall.* Let me prevail with you to know the Reason?

*Rake.* 'Tis too long to acquaint you with; I shall be instantly seiz'd; the Mistake will be found out; therefore, if you have Friendship enough to lend me a Disguise, let it be instantly, or——

*Sall.* With all my Heart: I'll fly, and fetch you one.

[Exit Sally.]

*Rake.* What shall I do to escape? closely pursu'd, indeed, Ha!

*SALLY enters with a Scholar's Gown.*

*Sally.* Here, come, be quick, put it on —— There, I think it will do well enough.

*Rake.* No better Disguise in the World. Ah! poor *Tim*!

*Sally.* Now, Sir, you need fear nothing; for the Gown has been a good Protection before now. —— Well, the Reason of your Surprize?

*Rak.* You must know then, the better to facilitate this Amour, and to disguise the Attempt, poor *Tim* chang'd his Cloaths with me, as you see, and in my Pockets I left two large Purfes of Gold.

*Sall.* So! I presume you've robb'd your Father of them, and I shall be taken up for a Party concern'd.

*Rake.* No, Madam, I have too much Honour to wrong any one.

*Sall.* I wish I may find it so. (*Aside.*) Then how comes this Pursuit after you?

*Rake.* To tell you then; my Father is a wealthy, tho' wretched Miser, on whom Gold has so great an Influence, that it sticks to him like a Needle

Needle to the Load-stone ; and he never would part with any but by Force. I am his only Son and Heir, bred a Gentleman, and with a Soul full of Honour and Truth ; but the Narrowness of my Father's Soul, has obliged me to lay hold of that Part of the Law, which says, *A Man may take his own where he finds it.*

*Sall.* And you reckon all his Gold your's, because you are Heir to it.

*Rake.* Not so, Madam, you censure too hard.

*Sbll.* Well, go on then.

*Rake.* They were my Grandmother's private Purfes, which she always reserved for my Use, and at her Death bequeath'd them to me. My Guardian when I came of Age, which is now almost two Years, surrendered them to me in Presence of my Father : My Father, to shew the Care of an industrious Parent, requested me to let him lay them by for my Use, and, as a Temptation, promised me extraordinary Interest. — I comply'd : The Bags were laid up, and I never saw one Penny of the Principal or Interest. —

*Sall.* Till you made bold with them : I hope you broke no Locks ?

*Rake.* No ; the Old Gentleman had laid them in my Way, as a Temptation, I presume, but for what End I know not !

*Sall.* Oh ! don't you ? But I believe I can give a near Guess : But, however, as I take you to be a Man of Honour, therefore I'll secure you against all Attempts. Does your Companions know the manner of your Access to me ?

*Rake.* Upon my Honour, not a Word. They have no Suspicion.

*Sall.* Pray be careful, here they come. [*Ex. Sally.*]

*Enter RAMBLE and WILDING.*

*Ram.* Ha, ha, ha ! What's the Meaning of all this ? Are you hired to serve the House in *Tim's* Absence ?

*Rake.*

38 *The Humours of the Road:*

*Rake.* Cease your Mirth, Gentlemen ; the Scene is chang'd.

*Ram.* Ha, ha, ha ! I think so too, and to a very merry one. Ha, ha, ha !

*Rake.* Don't laugh ———

*Ram.* Who can help laughing, to see such a Reformation ? What hast been at College, *Sam* ? Ha, ha, ha !

*Wild.* Hast took thy Degrees, *Sam* ?

*Rake.* The unlucky Turn of Affairs won't admit of Mirth ; so no more of it.

*Wild.* I suppose *Tim*'s not returned then, and you are waiting for strange Company. I hope you'll do your Part well.

*Rake.* I expect such Company as you won't be pleased to see.

*Ram.* What has happened to you now ? Have you added a Link to your Chain ?

*Wild.* Is your Lift increased, *Sam* ?

*Rake.* And such an Increase, as will confound all ; walk into another Room, and I'll tell you.

*Ram.* Good Mr. Student, shew us the Way.—

*Wild.* Pray Mr. *Timothy*, by your Leave, Ha, ha, ha !

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

TIPSTAFF enters reeling.

(*Hiccups.*) Here, where are you all ? You Vagabonds, you Scoundrels, I'll set Fire to your House, and leave you all a sleep, if you don't come this Minute.

SALLY enters.

*Sall.* Dear Squire, for Goodness Sake, none of your Noise ; you know we have strange Gentlemen in the House.

*Tip.* Ay, ay, right, where are your Milkfops ? your Conjurers ? your Fellows of Knowledge, that can't take a Bottle, and be pox'd to them ? your Seven and Eleven Men ?

*Sall.*



*Sall.* Sir, don't abuse civil Gentlemen.

*Tip.* What, have they gain'd your Friendship already? [Hiccups.]

*Sall.* Yes, Sir, they have, so pray hold your Tongue, or I'll have you secured this Minute, you drunken Swab.

*Tip.* Me secured! What as I was last Night, ha, Mrs. *Minx*? But you shall find I got out, Hufif, and here's my Recruits. [Shews Gold!]

*Sall.* A Recruit, indeed, Squire.—— Sure this is the Gentleman's Gold. (Aside.)

*Tip.* And these, Girl, were my Emissaries, (*shews Dice*) my Birds of Passage: Here's my Day-light, and here's my Candle-light, obeys the Word of Command like *Fawks's* Cards.

*Sall.* Have you been at the Gaming Table, Squire?

*Tip.* Where the Plague do you think I got this Gold? [Hiccups.]

*Sall.* Not upon the Highway, I am sure, you've not Heart enough.

*Tip.* That's true; but I tell you I am loaded like my Dice, or like a Chairman with a great fat Lady carrying to the Opera; I had much ado to bring it off, it made me sweat, look here. [Shews more Gold.]

*Sall.* A Load, indeed, I wou'd I cou'd ease you of it. (*Aside.*) I am extreamly pleased at your good Fortune, Squire. (*Kisses him.*) Oh! the Force of Gold! [Aside.]

*Tip.* And where are your fresh Men, your Conundrum, that don't know his Alphabet at Hazard? —— Come, Hufif, bring me my Bill.

*Sall.* Dear Squire, don't be in a hurry, no body questions your Pay in our House,; besides our Folks are hardly stirring: —— You shall take a little Knap first to refresh yourself, and lie down upon my Bed. Come, a little Sleep will refresh you.

*Tip.*

*Tip.* Sleep, what sleep with such a Quantity of Gold? No, let him that lost it sleep : — A stupid Dog, the first Main he set me was for ten Pieces, and I not Master of one Shilling ; however, Fortune, that never fail'd me, stuck close, and I flung him for every Piece, (*Hiccups*) by *Jove*.

*Sall.* This confirms what the World says of you.

*Tip.* What's that?

*Sall.* That you are a Cheat.

*Tip.* Ha, ha, ha ! A Cheat at Gaming, Girl? there's no such Thing : Why, there's young Squire *Pigtail*, — That eminent Fop, that rides about in his gilded Chariot, his whole Estate was got by an Over-reach at Gaming, and yet he is a Companion to the best Men of Quality in the Kingdom, and so shall I in time. [*Hiccups*.

*Sall.* An Over reach, you call it? Nay, I don't understand your Terms of Art. — Methinks I pitt'y the Gentleman that lost it.

*Tip.* Do you so? Then you reckon some Part of the Loss your's. How much have you made of him? (*hiccups*,) you are purchas'd, I understand.

*Sall.* I wonder at you, Squire, I pittied him only, because he behav'd so civilly. — Don't be jealous, Dear'y ; but how did you manage him?

*Tip.* Why, I tell you ; if he had been Master of a Bushel of Guineas, they were not worth a Shilling a piece to him, as soon as he was enter'd. — Sing small, here's Com—pany coming.

*Enter* R A M B L E, and W I L D I N G.

*Ram.* No Offence, Sir.

*Tip.* Offence, Gentlemen? Never in better time to take a sober Bottle, here, bring us a Bottle of *Non Con*.

*Wild.* We are not for drinking this Morning, Sir.

*Tip.*

*Tip.* Come, Gentlemen, you shall take one Glas; so fetch it, dear *Sally*.

*Sall.* One Glas can't hurt you, Gentlemen. If I'm discover'd, I'm ruin'd on both Sides. [*Aside.*  
[*Exit Sall. and listens.*

*Ram.* What do you mean by your *Non Con*, Sir?

*Tip.* Oh! Sir, a private Name known to no Strangers, a kind of Free Masonry in this City. 'Twill do you no harm. — Where's your Companion?

*Wild.* Not stirring yet, Sir.

*Tip.* He is beholden to me for putting him to Rest. [*Aside.*] Let them sleep that like it: One Night in four is enough for me. [*Hiccups.*

*Ram.* *aside to Wild.*] Shall I ask him, if he knows of such Persons?

*Wild.* He's very drunk; remember the old Proverb, now is your Time.

*Ram.* With Submission, Sir, Shall I ask you a Question?

*Tip.* Twenty, Sir, if you please.

*Ram.* Can you give us Intelligence of two young Ladies, that are Sisters, lately come from *London*, and are at Board in this City?

*Tip.* Ladies, I'll inform you to the best of my Knowledge: Their Names, Sir?

*Ram.* *Ruth* and *Lucy Toogood*.

*Tip.* What! honest Bishop *Toogood's* Daughter's?

*Wild.* The very Persons, do you know them, Sir?

*Tip.* Yes, I know so far, that they are under the Care of old *Monkwell*, whom every Person in this City knows; and I can tell you, they are as coop'd up, as *Sally* keeps her Parrot there.

*Wild.* Do they never stir abroad?

*Tip.* Yes, as often as his Coach-horses, once a Week, for an Airing; perhaps you may meet with them this Morning at Prayers, it being Holiday.

*Wild.* It is just time then, we will depart.



*The Humours of the Road:*

*Tip.* No, no ; upon my Honour you shall take part of one Bottle.

*Enter S A L L Y with Wine.*

*Sall.* Excuse me, Gentlemen, I was oblig'd to go to the Squire's Corner for it.

*Tip.* Come fill me a Bumper. Here, Gentlemen, the Ladies Health, they're pretty Girls indeed,  
[Drinks.]

*Sall.* Oh, oh, Ladies, say you? Fine Strangers indeed, to get acquainted with Ladies already.

*Tip.* What a Pox, are you jealous of the Ladies?

*Sall.* Not I ; but beware of Oxford-Ladies.

*Wild.* They won't hurt us.—Their Heaths.[Drinks.]

*Ram.* I ne'er was hurt by a Lady yet : Their Healths.  
[Drinks.]

*Tip.* A lucky Fellow by Jove : Come t'other Bumper, I'm dry. [Sally fills.] Come, Gentlemen, another Glas.

*Wild.* Excuse us at present, we'll take a little Turn and wait on you again.

*Tip.* Give it me, Success to you. [Drinks.]

*Ram.* Your humble Servant.

*Wild.* I thank you, Sir. [Ex. Ram. and Wilding:]

T I P S T A F F *sits down.*

*Tip.* I'll have t'other Fling with these Fellows anon, they have Money, and as little Understanding as their Companion ; [Niccups] I'll rook them, I warrant. But let me take a little Rest. [Snoars.]

*Sall.* This is not a proper Place to do my Business in. [Aside.] Come, Squire, don't go to sleep. Wake, come, come. [Pushes him.]

*Tip.* What say you ? I'll set you fifty Pieces.

*Sall.* The Villain Dreams of nothing but Roguery ; sleeping or wakeing he'll lose no Time. — But S-q-u-i-r-e.

*Tip.*

*Tip.* You lie Huffif, I cheated no-body, I'll be judg'd by the Company ; speak Gentlemen.

*Sall.* Ay, they're all against you.—But I'm afraid I shall have a hard Task yet to cheat you. [*Aside.*] Come, wake. [*Pushes him.*]

*Tip.* Can't you be quiet? Let me alone. — Come drink about.

*Sall.* Come, my Dear, you shall go ly down on my Bed ; 'tis a properer Place. — Come and take a little Rest ; you want Rest.—I wish I had him safe there. [*Aside.*] Will you go?

*Tip.* Ay, ay, come, is the Reckoning paid?

*Sall.* No, Squire, it is not paid.

*Tip.* Here Huffif, you little Baggage, [*Shews Gold ; and hiccups.*] Come kiss me now —

*Sall.* No, indeed, you abus'd me last Night before Strangers, and call'd me Names.

*Tip.* Come then, a forgiving Kiss, and take it. [*Offers Money.*]

*Sall.* A forgiving Kiss! fa — What for so small a Modicum, and you so rich? No, 'Faith.—I'll make him pay for all now. [*Aside.*] I cou'd have had twice as much from a Stranger.

*Tip.* [*Hiccups.*] Ay, Baggage, but he did not know you so well as I do.

*Sall.* That's more than you know. [*Aside.*] Dear Squire, now I wonder at your Conscience out of so much.

*Tip.* And I wonder at yours. Well, come, drink about ; take this and wipe off my Score. — [*Hiccups.*] [*Offers more.*]

*Sall.* Ay, now, you say something. — With all my heart, Deary. My Love to you in a Bumper.

[*Leaning on him, and throws the Wine away.*]

*Tip.* By Jove 'tis bravely done ; here take the Money, and I'll pledge you withal my heart in a Bumper. [*Sleeps.*]

*Sall.* Come, don't sleep. Lovey, — 'tis your Glass,

*Tip.* Ay, ay, see the Bottle out, and then we'll go to Bed. [*Hiccups.*] So ——— here's to you.  
[*Drinks, snoars.*]

*Sall.* And here's to you again. Come, 'tis your Glass, Squire.

*Tip.* Ay, ay, so here's a Boon Repose. [*Drinks*] Pretentious Liquor, by *Jupiter*, that Bumper has rais'd my Spirits; I'll never leave it till I am drown'd in Claret, as old *Carbuncle* says among his sober Sots ——— so t'other Bottle, and to pay.

*Sall.* You shall make an end of this first, come Squire, take your Glass.—I'm afraid I shall have a long Job of it. [*Aside.*] Come S-q-u-i-r-e.

*Tip.* Ay, ay, here's to you. [*Drinks.*] Get me Silver for a *Moiadore*, good Boy. [*Gives Money.*]

*Sall.* [*Putting up the Money.*] I see I shall make something of him however: Now's my Time to do it, since I can't move him: when the Mongril is sober, he will wrangle an Hour before he will pay his just Share of a Reckoning. I'll see if he's fast. S-q-u-i-r-e! Come, your Reckoning.

*Tip.* Ay, ay, my Dear; take the Money and pay yourself, if you can find any. ——— [*Hiccups, sleeps.*]

*Sall.* Ah! *Tipstaff*, thou hast spoke like an Oracle, and I'll obey you [*Takes all his Gold.*] How wonderfully Money circulates when once it begins to move; the Sun has shin'd on this very Gold but once these two Years, it seems; and now its like a Cage-bird got loose, and will fly till it's quite spent. Let's see: How many Hands has it been in already? The *Father's*, the *Son's*, *Tim's*, *Tipstaff's*, and now I think it's in the safest? A handsome Journey, and in a little Time: Every one clandestinely, and yet ne'er a Robbery. I'll make the best Enquiry I can after *Tim*, and then secure myself. He's fast enough. Here *Ned*, ———  
[*Calling.*]

*Enter*



Enter D R A W E R.

*Draw.* Your Pleasure, Madam?

*Sall.* Did you see *Tim* carry d off, *Ned*?

*Draw.* Yes, Madam, I did see him. — poor *Tim* was disguis'd strangely.

*Sall.* Disguis'd, in what Manner?

*Draw.* To be plain then, I suppose one of the Gentlemen that came hither last Night was *Tim*'s Father, and he's made bold with him. I hope you ar'n't angry Madam; but I really take *Tim* to be his very begotten Son.

*Sall.* Your Reasons for thinking so?

*Draw.* When we us'd to talk of Fathers, *Tim* never knew who was his Father, or where he was born; and these, Madam, are great Suspensions, you know: So his Father finding him out, *Tim*, like a graceless Son, has stripp'd him of all his fine lac'd Cloaths; 'Gad, I believe *Tim* come of a good Family, they were finely bedaub'd.

*Sall.* But, *Neddy*, I have an Inclination to make Holiday, and take a Ride to see *Blenheim Castle*, if you'll be good and mind the House, *Neddy*.

*Draw.* Oh! dear Madam, I'll warrant you: I never had so much Honour preferr'd on me before.

*Sall.* You see the Squire's fast, so mind my Directions.

*Draw.* Yes, Madam: Will you be pleas'd to put them into Writing?

*Sall.* No, no, you'll remember. In the first Place you are to convey him privately to the Stables, to his Horses, and lay him upon the Straw.

*Draw.* Very well, Madam.

*Sall.* In the next Place, I'll give you two or three Bottles of Wine, and every time he offers to stir, pour a Glas of Wine down his Throat, that you know will keep him quiet.

*Draw.* If any Thing will.

*Sall.*

*Sall.* And when he grows outrageous, here's half a Crown, go directly to the *Vice-Chancellor's*, and have him fetch'd away by Force.—Thus I shall secure my Retreat. [*Aside.*]

*Draw.* Is this Half-crown for the *Vice-Chancellor*?

*Sall.* No, no, for yourself, your own Use.

*Draw.* I thank you, Madam *Sally*: never doubt my Care, and if you make Holiday for a Week, allow me but Wine enough, and I'll keep him in this Posture, I'll warrant.

*Sall.* Good Boy. Thou hast learn'd that Industry from poor *Tim*.

*Draw.* I must not wait 'till he's sober, before I acquaint the *Chancellor*?

*Sall.* Sober! No, the drunker the better, as soon as he grows outrageous, go.

*Draw.* Three Bottles will never do. I must have more: You know his usual Stint is a Bottle an Hour at common Drinking.

*Sall.* Well, *Neddy*, be but careful to keep him down, and you shall have Wine enough, a whole Hamper.

*Draw.* Shall I so? Well, I'll do his Business, I warrant.

*Sall.* Here, take the Key, and bring up the Hamper, No. 5. which is the worst Wine, and will lay longest in his Head.

*Draw.* When *Soaknose* and Doctor *Bumper* comes, what shall I say?

*Sall.* Don't own you know any Thing of him, therefore go fetch the Wine, and put it in the Stable, and bring the Helper to carry him off; be quick. [*Drawer goes.*—So now I'll search if there is any Money left; for if I leave any he'll pursue me; and if I carry all off, I put it out of his Power; for his Credit's not worth a Shilling in the whole City. [*Searching him.*] So, I had got all.—[*Looking at the Money.*] Here's Temptation enough for a Director of the *South Sea Company*; thou influencing Treasure, thou Attractor, methinks, as I hold

hold thee in one Hand, the other trembles to touch thee. Wou'd they wou'd come and carry him off, that I may make haste and secure myself. Oh! here they are.

*Enter* DRAWER and HELPER.

*Draw.* Madam, all's in Order, shall we carry off the 'Squire?

*Sall.* Yes, fee and lift him easy: You have your Instructions, *Neddy*.

*Draw.* Trust to me, Madam, [*They take him up.*] Oh! thou Load of Vice, I'll give you your Belly full — Confounded heavy, full of Sin.

[*They carry him out.*]

*Sall.* Now, I'll go make up my Bundle, and away for *London*. I hope I've secur'd against all Suspicion. Ha! when I come there what shall I do? I'm a Stranger to all Company: But I have Money enough, and, now I think on't, I can buy fine Cloaths, dress myself like a Lady, and go to the *Play-house*, and who knows, but I may be made a Lady the first Night? [*She sings.*]

*For Gold is Faranelli bir'd to sing,  
For Gold the plotting Statesman sells his King;  
For Gold have many Men the Ocean crost,  
For Gold the Poles their ancient Freedom lost;  
For Gold I'll steer my Course to any Part,  
And he who offers most shall have my Heart.*

[*She runs out.*]

SCENE changes and discovers RAMBLE and WILDING walking.

*Ram.* Poor *Rakely*, I pity him; but he must suffer sometimes. I warrant, if Fire was cry'd in the Street, he dare not put his Head out at Window. Confinement to him is like a Dog on Shipboard. If *Tim* shou'd betray him!

*Wild.*



*Wild.* What wou'd be the Consequence, Heaven knows! his Father is such a worthless old Fellow—

*Ram.* I'm terrified at the Thoughts on't!

*Wild.* I am confounded betwixt Hope and Fear, for my Dear *Lucy*; but Fear gets the better of me.

*Ram.* Cheer up, dear Boy. There they are, if I don't mistake.

[*Ruth, Lucy, and Monkwell appear at a Distance.*]

*Wild.* By Heaven's 'tis she. [Offers to go.

*Ram.* Hold, not for your Life.—Don't you see one like her *Jayler*. [Holds him.

*Wild.* Not any Body but the lovely she; I'll fly to her!

*Ram.* I'll hold you fast; you shan't stir, by *Jove*; have you no Eyes? Is not her *Jaylor* talking to her? Don't he answer the Description given of him? Now he stares you full in the Face: And don't you really see him?

*Wild.* No, none but the lovely *Lucy*; see, she beckons to me. I am coming, my dear Creature. [Offers to run.] And won't you let me go? Prythe lend me thy Eyes, dost't see Danger?

*Ram.* Yes, I do; I'm amgry with you: Wou'd you ruin all at last: Look again: — See, she comes nigher.

*Wild.* Dear *Ramble*, excuse me.

*Ram.* Stand back! the old Fellow is going from them, I believe: Arm yourself with Discretion.— They come forward.

*Wild.* My dear Friend, I'll surrender entirely to your Management.

*Ram.* Do so, then; behave as becomes you with Calmness and Fortitude.

*Wild.* Here's my Hand on't.

*Ram.* They are coming forward, stand aside!

*Enter*

Enter RUTH and LUCY.

*Lucy.* I think 'tis very warm, Sister.

*Ruth.* Excessive hot, I cou'd set me down in this shade, were it not for our Jaylor following us.

*Lucy.* Here are strange Gentlemen: Sister! sister!

*Ram.* No, my lovely *Lucy*, 'tis no stranger, 'tis I, your faithful Admirer, your Wanderer, who has sought you out with Difficulty and Pain.

*Lucy.* For Heaven's sake let me go. You know not the Danger.

*Ruth.* Here is our Jaylor. We shall be ruin'd.

*Ram.* No, my lovely fair One, don't be surpriz'd? you shall not be ruin'd, we come to save you.

*Lucy.* Not a Word more: Go to *London* directly, get an Order to take us out of the Hands of our Guardian, and follow such Directions as you will find here. [*Gives a Letter.*] And then — Oh, here's our Jaylor. — Stand off.

*Wild.* One Kiss.

*Lucy.* Not one; perform what I there ask of you, and then —

Enter MONKWELL.

*Monk.* Why, how now, Fellow! Come along; Girls. [*Exit Monk. Lucy, and Ruth.*]

*Wild.* Here's a slight Interview.

*Ram.* It is so; but let us open the Pacquet.

*Wild.* No; not 'till we come to poor *Sam*.

*Ram.* Let us away then.

*Wild.* What though she did refuse one parting Kiss,  
The tender Earnest of approaching Bliss.

Yet, by my faithful Deeds, shall *Lucy* see,  
What 'tis to love, and to admire, like me.

*The End of the Third Act.*



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

RAKELY, RAMBLE, and WILDING.

*Rake.* Is not that *Tim*?

*Ram.* 'Tis he ; but he's confounded ragged.

*Wild.* What shall we say to him?

*Ram.* Disown him; let none of us know him; he won't know you, *Sam*; turn your Back on him.

*Enter TIM.*

*Tim.* What, my dear Masters, all together.

*Ram.* Who are you? Stand off Fellow.

*Tim.* How! not know me? Your poor Servant,

*Tim.* Here's my honest Master knows me.

[to *Rakely*.

*Rake.* I know nothing of you stand off.

*Tim.* No, not *Tim*! he that chang'd Cloaths with you, and had the Money in the Pockets?

*Rake.* This is confounded close. [*Aside.*] No, Fellow, I tell you I don't. — I'm betray'd.

[*Aside.*

*Tim.* No, none of you know me? Then curse on Honesty, let Villains thrive, say I. [*Going.*

*Rake.* Hark ye, *Tim*, have you really been honest?

*Tim.* Yes, Sir, I have been honest, or you had not been here.

*Rake.* Say'st thou so, *Tim*? Then adieu Fear. — But how came you off, *Tim*? Pr'ythe inform me.

*Wild.* Is the Danger over?

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Yes, Sir, it is over, and all is at an end by this Time, I hope: But how cou'd your Hearts let you deny poor *Tim*?

*Rake.* Excuse me, honest *Tim*, I was afraid all was bad.

*Tim.* All wou'd have been bad enough, if you had been taken. But how came you by that Gown?

[to *Rake*.

*Rake.* You shall know, *Tim*. But first, let me request you to put us out of Pain and relate the Whole?

*Tim.* I'll do any Thing to oblige you.

*Rake.* Did they take the Money and Cloaths too?

*Tim.* You shall know. As soon as you had made yourself ready for your Enterprize, I was equipp'd for another of the same Kind, but was prevented by feeling in the Pockets. where I found two large Purfes of Gold; the Sight of which alter'd my Course. The Devil was busy there, indeed: I hope you will forgive me——

*Rake.* Well, go on; — I will.

*Tim.* I went to the Gaming-table, where I made good an old Proverb, *Lightly come, lightly go*, — And, in plain Terms, I was rook'd of every Soufe.

*Rake.* Proceed; What follow'd?

*Tim.* Coming from the Gaming-table with an aching Heart, who shou'd lay hold on me but two ruffainly Fellows, for robbing my Father.

*Rake.* So ——

*Tim.* When they had seiz'd me, they put me in a Coach, and carry'd me directly to the Goal; the Sight of my fine Cloaths cheer'd the Hearts of my Fellow Prisoners, to think there was Money coming; but, to my Sorrow, there was not one Penny left; and, Gentlemen, to be short, I was stripped for Garnish and other Charges. So went the Cloaths.

*Rake.* And what follow'd? Hard Fortune, *Tim*. How came you off?

*Tim.* I was discharg'd from the Prison in this Condition. And you know this being Assize Time, I was immediately had to my Trial, before I cou'd turn myself round, who shou'd appear against me, but a terrible old Gentleman, your Father, I presume, protesting with Violence, he wou'd have me hang'd, meaning you, Sir: — But, when he found the Mistake, he fell into most violent Fits, and so continues—

*Ram.* But you was discharg'd with Honour,  
*Tim.*

*Tim.* I was so; but that's more than he wou'd [to Rakely] ha' bin.

*Rake.* And what became of the old Man, is he still i'th' Town?

*Tim.* I'th Town! No. He's dead by this Time, I hope: He had just Speech enough to beg to be carry'd Home with the utmost Expedition, to save the Charge of a travelling Funeral.

*Ram.* Have they left the Town without further Suspicion?

*Tim.* They have indeed; and have got half Way to London by this Time. I manag'd the old Villain; for I threaten'd to sue him for false Imprisonment.

[Strutting about.]

*Rake.* Well said, *Tim*: Had they fresh Horses.

*Tim.* Alack-a-day, yes; for you must know, he kill'd four of his own with Expedition to follow you. — But, ah, Master, the Money! the Gold! Can you forgive me?

*Rake.* Ay, *Tim*, withal my Heart. I have Money enough left for my Purposes.

*Tim.* O, dear Sir, here is all that I have sav'd from the Wreck.

[He gives Rakely a Paper.]

*Rake.* Ah! 'tis my List, my Catalogue of Sins, and with it I'll put an End to all Extravagance.

[Takes it.]

*Wild.* [to *Tim*.] *Tim*. We must not part with you; you may be serviceable in an Affair of Consequence.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Of Consequence, say you? Oh dear, I am glad of that, I love Bus'ness: Pray, what is it?

*Wild.* I want this Letter to be convey'd into the Hands—

*Tim.* Whom? Come, give it me: It shall be done.

*Wild.* Hold, hold; 'tis a difficult Thing to manage: The Lady is lock'd up.

*Tim.* What then? Can't I break the Door open?

*Wild.* Don't be in so much hurry, *Tim*; take your Message gradually.

*Tim.* Come, give it me then?

*Wild.* First you must enquire for old *Monkwell's* House.

*Tim.* I know him, Sir.

*Wild.* Well; and when you are at the House, you must see if you can find any Means to deliver the Letter handsomely, and without Suspicion?

*Tim.* What to old *Monkwell*?

*Wild.* No, no; to the Lady that 'tis directed to, here. [Gives a Letter.

*Tim.* Will you leave that to me now, dear Master?

*Wild.* Ay, withal my Heart, *Tim*; but will you really undertake it?

*Tim.* And deliver it too. — Let's see. (*Reads.*) To Miss *Lucy Toogood*, at Doctor *Monkwell's*. — I'll try what I can do, Sir. [Going.

*Wild.* Good Lad, I'll leave it to your Management.

*Tim.* But I'm afraid I shall find it difficult to do, in this ragged Condition. If I had a Livery, I cou'd find a Way to do your Bus'ness.

*Wild.* Well thought of; here's Money for you, get one at any Rate as soon as you can; and the sooner you do the Bus'ness, the sooner you'll meet with your good Fortune.

*Tim.* Trust to me, I'll surprize you with my Expedition: 'Egad, I have a lucky Thought to forward it. My Friend *Toby*, Squire *Brainless's* Man will



will lend me his Livery at a Word, he's just of  
Size.

[*Tim. goes.*

*Wild.* Come, *Rakely*, change your Garb. Here's  
Money enough left.

[*Shews Gold.*

*Rake.* *Rakely*, I begin to be tir'd of the borrow'd  
Name: The Consequence of this Ramble has  
made me sick of Vice; I had almost say'd sick of  
Pleasure.

*Ram.* That Beast *Tipstaff* is intend enough to  
make any Man resolve to be sober, to avoid being  
like him.

*Wild.* Well, but I hope you don't indeed to leave  
me in my Chace after *Lucy*.

*Rake.* No, tho' I'm resolv'd to be another Man,  
yet I'll not desert my Friend when my Assistance  
is necessary; pursue this Amour with your usual  
Honour, and doubt not your Success.

*Wild.* Your Advice is necessary. I am in Dis-  
pute with myself, whether my *Lucy* will think me  
right in acting contrary to her Instructions; you  
know, *Ramble*, she put a Letter into my Hand.

*Ram.* She did so. And I was surpriz'd, for I'm  
sure she did not expect to meet you there.

*Wild.* 'Tis true. I find by the Superscription, it  
was directed to me at *London*; and I suppose in-  
tended to send it by the Post this Night; but For-  
tune threw me in her Way.

*Rake.* If I was superstitious, I shou'd look on  
this Incident as an Omen of Success.

*Wild.* You shall hear. (*Reads the Letter.*)

*I*F you have that Affection for me as you always ex-  
press'd, get an Order immediately to take my poor  
Sister and me from our Guardian: He has sent us to  
*Doctor Monkwell's* at *Oxford*, where we are kept  
confin'd 'till he can have an Opportunity to convey us  
away privately to *France*, and there place us in a  
Nunnery. For Heaven's Sake be expeditious, which  
alone will for ever gain the Affection of yours,

*LUCY TOOGOOD.*

*Rake*

*Rake.* So you have sent *Tim* with a Letter to let her know you will not obey her.

*Wild.* You shall hear; considering the Distance from hence to *London*; and the Time necessary to do what she there requires, I have desir'd her to consult with her Sister, whether their Escape is not practicable; if 'tis, I have assur'd her, that I want not Assistance, depending on your Friendships, but if that cannot be, I shall use the utmost Expedition to *London*.

*Rake.* We'll wait *Tim*'s Return with Patience; I don't doubt his Diligence: So let us retire, and try if I can't equip myself with other Apparel.

SCENE changes to MONKWELL's House.

MONKWELL, and TIM in a Livery.

*Tim.* Garra, mercy, *Tim*, this is a lucky Thought of thine, I fancy I cou'd carry a Plot on well.

[to himself.

*Monk.* So, you say, Friend, that my Lord *Worthless* wou'd have you see whether my Apartments are fit for his Daughters-in-law.

*Tim.* Yes, Sir, for he intends to commit them to your Care, having heard an extraordinary Character of you.

*Monk.* I am oblig'd to his Lordship; and it happens very luckily; for I have two young Ladies just going from me: You shall see their Rooms, and make your Report accordingly.

*Tim.* That's what I want. (*Aside.*) If you please, Sir.

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

LUCY and RUTH.

*Lucy.* Well, sister, I see no Hopes of a Reprieve, for this old Villain our Jaylor, and that greater

greater Villain our Uncle, are resolv'd that we shall die Maids.

*Ruth.* If that was the worst, I cou'd bear it, but they are resolv'd that we shall live Maids too.

*Lucy.* Fy, Sister, how can you jest in such Circumstances, where there is no Room for Mirth?

*Ruth.* 'Tis all the Relief we are likely to have, and I'll make my Chains set as easy as I can.

*Enter MONK WELL and TIM.*

*Monk.* Ladies I must take the Liberty to bring this honest Man into your Rooms; who is come from Lord *Worthless*, whose Daughters are coming hither; tho' you have been pleas'd to treat me with no Respect, you see I'm in no Danger of wanting Company when you are gone. Look on this and the next Room, Friend, and by that Time you have done, I'll be with you again.

[*Monkwell goes,*

*Lucy.* The Civility of the Fellow, to leave us with a Footman.

*Tim.* 'Tis true, Madam; but I believe you will not be displeas'd with his Company: If your Name is *Lucy Toogood*, for Heaven's Sake read this Letter in a Minute; ask no Questions, but give me your Answer directly.

*Lucy.* [*She opens the Letter.*] Sister, here's some glimmering of Hopes, see here.

*Ruth.* Surprizing! I have a lucky Thought: Give the honest Man the Letter my Uncle sent to *Mr. Monkwell*, and bid him give it to *Wilding*; I fancy he will make a proper Use of it.

*Lucy.* *Mr. Wilding* tells me, you are a Person he can trust. Give him this Letter and this Ring, and tell him the Letter came since I saw him: And take this small Acknowledgment for yourself.

[*Gives a Purse*

*Tim.* A small Acknowledgment! You may be sure Ladies of a quick and faithful Dispatch.

*Enter*



Enter MONKWELL.

*Monk.* Well, Friend, have you look'd into both the Rooms?

*Tim.* I have seen enough, Sir, and can venture to promise you the Ladies Company soon.

*Monk.* Very well: You must give me leave to make you a small Present. [Gives Money.]

*Tim.* These are no Robberies, I think. (*Aside.*) Sir, your humble Servant.

*Lucy.* As I have some Knowledge of the Ladies whom you come from, pray tell them of the hard Fate which two unfortunate Sisters are now under; tell them we are every Moment in Expectation of being hurry'd from Hence we know not where, and tell them——

*Monk.* Tell them; tell them a Fig's End; what d'ye think he has nothing to do but deliver your impertinent Messages?

*Tim.* I don't mind her, Sir, you shall see me again soon. Your most humble Servant. [*Tim. goes.*]

*Monk.* You see, Ladies, by the Letter I have receiv'd from your Uncle, and which I gave you just now, that I am to deliver you to one Captain *Hammock*, I think is his Name.—But let me see the Letter again.

*Ruth.* No, Sir, you shan't see it, for I have torn it into a thousand Pieces.

*Lucy.* Ay, and into ten thousand Pieces——

*Monk.* Hey day, what are you going to bully me? Well, he is to bring a Ring as a Token——

*Lucy.* As part of the Wages of your sins.

*Monk.* Your Slander wounds me not.

*Ruth.* Did not you offer us our Liberty, if we wou'd give you a Bond for double the Money, that my Uncle's to allow you? then where's your Religion and Honesty?

*Monk.* My Religion is not to be call'd in Question by you, I shall provide for my Family: And

I

if

if you are deaf when I talk reasonable to you, I shall be so when you talk unreasonable to me: So our Conference is at an end. I have nothing more to say to you.

SCENE *Changes.*

RAKELY *dress'd*, RAMBLE and  
WILDING.

*Rake.* Tho' I'm no otherwise interested in your Affair, *Wilding*, but as I wish you well, yet I'm in Pain 'till *Tim* returns.

*Ram. Wilding* I see stand upon thorns; If *Tim* shou'd miscarry, we must watch for him, for fear he shou'd lay violent Hands on himself.

*Wild.* Shou'd a Man's Wounds be the Sport of his Friends.

*Ram.* No, but his Follies shou'd.

*Wild.* I fancy, *Ramble*, you never thought seriously of Love, if you had, you wou'd not call it a Folly.

*Rake.* I'm inclin'd to think he never thought seriously of any Thing.

*Ram.* I own, I'm not serious enough to be angry, when you are severe upon me; but, *Wilding*, I should be glad to hear a Lecture on Love from that serious Phiz of thine.

*Wild.* Love, *Ramble*, is so far from Folly, that 'tis as necessary as our Existence; for the Wisdom of Providence has made that Passion the Means of our Propagation. Without Love, what wou'd impel us to the Act of Generation?

*Ram.* Something else with a coarser Name —

*Rake.* Here comes one that will put an End to your Dispute.

*Enter*

Enter TIM.

*Wild.* Hah, my little *Mercury*, what Tidings from the Land of Love? Hast thou seen her?

*Tim.* Yes, Faith, and heard her too.

*Wild.* How got you Entrance?

*Tim.* That was a Master-piece, which I will inform you of. But first take this Letter, and this Ring, one of the Ladies said; you wou'd make a proper Use of them:

*Wild.* Come, *Rakely*, *Ramble*, and *Tim*, let us form a Council; first hear the Letter. [*Reads.*

*M*Y dear Friend, I have provided a Passage for the two Girls in a Ship that is just ready to sail for France, and have agreed with the Captain, whose Name is *Hammock*, to come to you with proper Assistance to take them away. He will bring a Ring as a Token, which I desire you to keep in Remembrance of

Your humble Servant,

CHARLES MUCKWORM.

P. S. The Captain is set out, and will be soon with you. ——— Gentlemen of the Council, let's have your Opinions.

*Rake.* Here must be no Delay *Wilding*, the Girls have laid the Platform, and if we fail, we must be mere Bunglers, indeed.

*Wild.* You must be the Captain, and present the Ring.

*Ram.* Right, and we two your Assistants.

*Wild.* Away, then let us dress ourselves as much like *Ruffians* as we can, and bear away the Prize.

*Tim.* Hold, hold, Gentlemen, as I am of the Council, let me have a Voice in the Debate; while you go for the Ladies, I'll provide an honest



Fellow of a College, that shall make you your  
Mistress's sole Proprietor. [to Wilding.

*Wild.* Well say'd, *Tim.* But where shall we  
come to you.

*Tim.* I have a snug Place for you, of which I'll  
inform you as we go along.

*And trust to me, Masters, let us sink or swim.*

*You may be always sure of honest Tim.*

*The End of the Fourth Act.*



**A C T**



ACT V. SCENE I.

*Scene, a Room in MONKWELL's House.*

MONKWELL, WILDING *as the Captain,*  
RAKELY and RAMBLE *as his Assistants.*

*Wild.* **S**IR Charles Muckworm, being sensible of your extraordinary Care of the young Ladies, and of your Regard to him in this Affair, begs your Acceptance of this Ring, which he hopes you will keep in Remembrance of him.

*Monk.* Sir Charles does me a great deal of Honour, Sir, and I shall never see this Ring without thinking of him, and you too, Captain.

*Ram.* I believe not, truly. *[Aside.*

*Monk.* Was you ever concerned in a Business of this sort before, Captain?

*Wild.* No, really, Sir; but 'tis what I'm greatly pleas'd with.

*Monk.* Ay, ay, he that gets Money will want no Friends. I like your Appearance so well, Captain, that I will help you to another Job shortly; Lord Worthless's two Daughters are coming here, and I suppose will be going the same Road by that you return; if they are, I shall recommend you to his Lordship.

*Wild.* And I will take a proper Opportunity to thank you, you know how. But, Sir, pray get the young Ladies ready; for my Orders were to be expeditious, — and a Coach is waiting at the End of the Street.

*Monk.*

*Monk.* Very well, a Word to the Wife, Captain, you know. I'll bring them to you.

[*Monkwell goes.*]

*Rake.* This Fellow seems form'd for any Villany.

*Wild.* And we shall find a Time to reward him for it, I hope.

*Ram.* Where are we to go with the Ladies?

*Wild.* To a very proper Place, but into the next Street, *Tim* has given me sufficient Instructions.

*Ram.* Methinks the Fellow stays, I hope no Disappointment.

*Wild.* For Shame, *Ramble*, no more Jest; if he stays six Minutes longer I'll storm the House.

*Rake.* No Passion, good *Wilding*, you'll spoil all.

*Ram.* I wonder, *Rakely*, that your Father ne'er sent you to the University —

*Rake.* Faith, my Dad was always too niggardly to throw away his Money.

*Ram.* What do you mean?

*Rake.* Why, he says, Learning is so little esteem'd, and the Expence of a College Education so great, that, in short, every Thing that costs Money he abhors; tho' he wou'd let me keep a Mistress, or wou'd keep one himself, if he cou'd do it without Charge.

*Ram.* How can that be?

*Rake.* He wou'd have me keep Company with a kept Mistress, and share the Profits; a common Case with those Gentry: But here comes the old Fellow and the Girls.

**MONKWELL enters with LUCY and RUTH.**

*Monk.* These Gentlemen, Ladies, are provided by Sir Charles Muckworm, your Guardian, to take Care of you in your Journey; they are Men of Repute; and I doubt not, but they will discharge their Trust with Honour. If you have any Thing to say, be quick, for the Coach waits: If you have any



any Message to send to your Guardian, I'll be careful to deliver it.

*Lucy.* [*aside to Ruth.*] How ill *Wilding* becomes a Ruffian's Dress, his Virtue shines thro' it, like the Sun thro' a Winter's Cloud.

*Ruth.* [*to Lucy.*] I'm inclin'd, sister, to think this the only Instance of his pretending to be what he is not.

*Monk.* You seem, Ladies, to pay no Regard to what I say; I ask you again, if you have any Thing to say to your Uncle; if you have, speak quickly?

*Lucy.* O, yes, Sir, be so kind to tell him, that we disclaim all Kindred with him, and that he may sooner hear from us than he expects: And as for you, we have but one Reason to thank you, and that is for putting us into honefter Hands than your own; for, notwithstanding the Sternness of these Gentlemen's Countenances, I'm sure it is impossible they shou'd have so villanous a Heart as you have.

*Monk.* Your Guardian thought otherwise, witness the Ring.

*Lucy.* 'Tis what you are heartily welcome to, as welcome as you are to my Curses.

*Ruth.* Or to mine.

*Monk.* I purposed to give you my Blessing before ye left me; but 'twou'd be thrown away on such a Brace of Furies.

*Lucy.* That's the worst Present you cou'd make us, 'twou'd sink the Ship I believe, but you wou'd not give that, if it cost you any Thing.

*Ram.* Dear *Wilding*, I now ask your Pardon for jesting with your Passion: I begin to feel something unusual for her sister.

[*Aside to Wilding.*]

*Wild.* More of that hereafter. [*Aside to Ramble.*] Well, Doctor, they seem to have but little to say; I think, Ladies, you behave but very indifferently to this worthy Gentleman. I'll try what I can make of them; so, come along —

*Both*

*Both.* Ay, with all our Hearts.

[Wilding, Rakely, and Ramble, go with Ruth and Lucy.]

*Monk.* A fair Riddance: The Captain is a clever Fellow, i' faith, he'll tan their Jackets I'll warrant, if they behave saucily to him: Now for Lord *Worthless's* Daughters. Here [He calls.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Monk.* Let the Rooms be put in order which the young Ladies are just gone out of. [Knocking hard without.] But see first who's at the Door. [Servant goes.] I hope no Accident has happen'd to bring them back again, because I shall have no Room for my new Comers. If they are rescued from the Captain, why that's nothing to me, they went safe out of my Hands.

*Enter Captain HAMMOCK and his Man.*

*Capt.* Your Servant, Sir, if your Name is *Monkwell*.

*Monk.* Yes, Sir, your Business?

*Capt.* My Business is to take a Freightage with me from hence to *France*, Sir *Charles Muckworm's* Nieces.

*Monk.* Ah! Sir, you was born a Day after the Plot, I believe; they are gone in safe Hands. — These Fellows are certainly come to rescue them, they look like perfect Kidnappers. [Aside.

*Capt.* Well, Sir —

*Monk.* Ay, and well, Sir, 'tis, that I am luckily got rid of them.

*Capt.* I am not to answer for other People's Mistakes, Sir; here is a Letter and a Ring, which Sir *Charles* ordered me to deliver to you.

*Monk.* A Letter and a Ring, that's a little surprizing; give it to me. [He reads.

Dear

Dear Friend,

**T**HE Bearer of this Letter is Captain Hammock, a very proper Man for the Business, therefore I desire you wou'd, upon the Token of this Ring, deliver the Ladies to him. I am, in haste,

Your humble Servant,

CHARLES MUCKWORM.

This is certainly my Friend Sir Charles Muckworm's Hand Writing. [*Falls into his Chair.*] You will pardon me, Sir, I am a little out of order.

*Capt.* [*to his Man.*] I fancy, *Jack*, the Pirates have been a board of the Doctor; he looks as if he were plaguy sea-sick. Come, come, stir; [*Knocking hard without.*] Doctor, the storm is over.

*Monk.* Pray Heaven it may. [*Sighs.*]

*Enter TIM.*

*Tim.* Your humble Servant, Sir,

*Monk.* Ah! Friend, how is it: I will wait on these Gentlemen into the next Room, and come to you presently. My Lord's Man must not hear of this Mischance, it may prevent my having the new Boarders. [*Aside.*] Captain, shall I wait on you into the next Room.

[*Monkwell, the Captain, and his Man, go.*]

*Tim.* Just nick'd the Time i' faith; I suppose this is the real Captain that was to have kidnapp'd the Ladies: My Masters have trusted the Conduct of this Affair to me; and I'm mistaken, if I shan't merit their Friendship; as soon as they came where they now are, I begg'd of them to let me pursue my Plot upon this jesuitical Rascal; and I don't doubt, but I shall soon set him on the Stool of Repentance; and Mr. *Wilding* will have secur'd his Mistress by that time I return.

K

*Enter*



*Enter* MONKWELL.

*Monk.* Well, Friend, are your Ladies coming ?

*Tim.* Not yet, Sir ; I'm come to tell you of Ladies gone. Have not you lost two Ladies out of your House ?

*Monk.* Do you know where they are, Friend ?

*Tim.* Sir, the Civilities I receiv'd from you when I came on my Lord's Business, made me return to inform you, that I dogg'd the two Ladies which I saw here into a House : After I had heard the two Gentlemen, in whose Company they were, talk of biting the Doctor ; which I take, Sir, to be your Worship.

*Monk.* The Messenger of such News ought to be well rewarded. Here ! [*he calls, Servant enters.*] Desire the Captain to step in : Here, Friend, take this Acknowledgment from me at present ; and if you bring me where we may secure them, I will make that up five Guineas. [*The Captain enters.*]

Captain, this honest Man has brought me Information of the Ladies and their Fellows.

*Capt.* Well, Friend, and if you'll bring us to them, I warrant you we'll trounce them, and reward you : But, Friend, what sort of Men are they ?

*Tim.* O ! by what I can understand, mere Pal-troons : I dare say, I cou'd have took the Ladies from them myself.

*Capt.* Well, this is a Calm after a Storm ; and what House is it they are got to ? How many in Family ?

*Tim.* Only one old Woman. They propose lurking there 'till Night, that they may sneak away in the Dark. I heard one of them say so.

*Capt.* Ay, ay, but we'll unkennel them by Day-light, and bring an old House over their Heads before 'tis dark. — Doctor, take your Servant  
with

with you, and this honest Fellow, my Man Jack and I, will be enough to secure them.

*Monk.* Let us make haste for fear they shou'd shift——

*Tim.* Shift! Lord, Sir, ne'er fear that, they are as close as Rats in a *Cheshire* Cheese.

*Monk.* Let us go in and prepare ourselves. Come, Captain, follow me.

*Tim.* And if I don't lead you right, I'm mistaken.  
[*They go.*]

S C E N E *Changes.*

WILDING, RAMBLE, RAKELY, RUTH,  
LUCY, *Priest, and Officers.*

*Ruth.* The Course of my Life, since my Father's Decease, has been from Prison to Prison, without the Privilege of a *Habeas Corpus*. I hope you'll prove a more merciful Jaylor than my Guardian, or old *Monkwell*.  
[*to Ram.*]

*Ram.* Indeed, Madam, I'll not deceive you; I shall take as much Pains to secure you as they did, but by different Methods, Tenderness and Affection.

*Ruth.* But what will the World say of me, to launch into Matrimony so suddenly?

*Lucy.* They'll say you jump'd into the Water to avoid drowning. But, come, Sister, as I have marry'd the Man that has so long woo'd me; so have you given yourself to one you have long lov'd; as you are now his, you need not blush to hear me say, that you have often declar'd, if ever you marry'd, you wish'd it might be such a Man as Mr. *Wilding's* Friend, *Ramble*.

*Ruth.* [*to Ram.*] Well, Sir, as 'twou'd be rude to contradict my Sister, I shall let her have her Way.

*Wild.* Ladies, the Time of Courting is now over, let us therefore think of preserving each other's

Fortunes, and Affections, and of bringing Sir *Charles* and old *Monkwell* to justice.

*Rake.* If *Tim*'s good Success continues, he'll soon lead the old Jesuit into a Trap. — But, Gentlemen and Ladies, I begin to look upon myself as an Off-cast of Fortune: Here's a Combination among you to make one another happy, and I am not in the Plot.

*Wild.* Why, *Rakely*, thou hast begun a Reformation, and let it end in a Marriage with Miss *Love-well*, when you get to *London*.

*Rake.* 'Twill not end, but continue, I hope, in Marriage: *Wilding*, thou hast stirr'd up a Thought which gives me both Pleasure and Pain.

*Wild.* How so;

*Rake.* I'll never rest 'till I do justice to that worthy Girl.

*Ram.* And then, *Sam*, we'll visit like sober marry'd Men; and, now and then, chat of our Ramble to *Oxford*.

*Rake.* One of the pleasantest Scenes of which I believe is now coming.

*Enter TIM, with MONK WELL, Captain HAM-MOCK, and his Man.*

*Monk.* Where are these Robbers? These Ravishers of Virgins, who are devoted to Chastity and Religion?

*Capt.* Ay, where are they? We'll soon have them under Hatches.

*Wild.* [*to Monk.*] This, I think, is the holy Man who wou'd ha' sacrific'd them.

*Ram.* [*to Capt.*] Ay, and this is the Butcher that waits on the Priests, who was to have led these Offerings to the Altar. Is it not so, Captain?

*Capt.* [*to Tim.*] Why, how now, Sirrah; have you betray'd us; are these your old Women and your Paltroons?

*Wild.*



*Wild.* Shut the Door, *Tim*: Officers discharge your Duty: These are the Criminals we told you of: What their Offences are, Time will discover.

[*They seize Monk. the Capt. and his Man.*]

*Monk.* [*to Tim.*] Is this the Return for my Civilities to you? And your Prentensions of Lord *Worblefs.* Sirrah, I shall know you again.

*Tim.* Ay, I hope so, we shall be better acquainted, Doctor.

*Priest.* Thou Villain in Disguise, thou Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing, thou Jesuit, thy Mysteries are discover'd at last. We see now how your Coach has been supported by helping to trapan young Ladies into Nunneries, and then sharing their Fortunes, with their treacherous Guardians.

*Capt.* Let me go. S' Death, I'll not be talk'd out of my Bus'ness, we have an Authority from their Guardian, and who dares oppose us. [*struggling.*]

*Priest.* By your Looks and your Manners you are as fit for the Kidnapping Trade as any Man. I wou'd advise you to mend both if you can. As for the Ladies, their Guardian has no Power over them; nor are their Persons their own, I have made them over to Possessors, who will do them justice.

*Tim.* Don't be cast down, Captain, at this, the Doctor will help you to another Jobb.

*Capt.* I'll stay no longer. [*struggling.*]

*Rake.* No struggling, you must appear at a proper Place; keep him secure, Officer.

*Capt.* Nay, if it must be so, 'tis not the first Time I have been under Hold.

*Wild.* The Ring, Doctor, on your Finger, you may keep; I gave it you; but I hope you will ne'er see it without thinking on Sir *Charles* and me. I told you I would take an Opportunity to thank you.

[*The Company laugh.*]

*Monk.* Well, Gentlemen, you have the Ladies, which is all you wanted.

[*Offers to go.*  
*Ram.*]

*Ram.* No, Doctor, you must appear at another Place too.

*Monk.* I hope, Ladies, the Goodness I have always discover'd in you, will incline you to forgive me. When you consider that all my Proceedings were regulated by your Guardian, Sir *Charles Muckworm's* Commands, as will appear by his Letters, the last of which you destroy'd.

*Wild.* No, no, that's a Mistake, I have it safe, and shall produce it as an Evidence.

*Lucy.* Doctor, your seeming Penitence has as much the Garb of Falshood in it, as your former Conduct to us.

*Ruth.* You wou'd excuse yourself, by alledging your Proceedings to be in Obedience to our Guardian's Commands—

*Lucy.* Supposing that, is he justifiable, in being accessory to a known Act of Injustice? But did Sir *Charles* authorize you to offer Terms to us in Contradiction to his Orders? You know you wou'd have been false to him, if we wou'd have rewarded you. [to Monk.

*Priest.* *Monkwell*, your Impostures are detected; and if these Ladies are inclin'd to forgive you, their Husbands, I hope, are not. Your House has long been the Receptacle for injur'd Ladies, whom you have convey'd to Nunneries Abroad: Are you the Villain who receives a Salary from the *Pope*, to be a Scandal to the Protestant Religion? I have heard of such a one.

*Lucy.* Ay, many a poor young Lady hast thou defrauded of their Liberties and Fortunes.

*Wild.* And since we have made this plain Discovery, you must answer for your Crimes at a Place, where Sir *Charles* and the Captain shall confront you.

*Tim.* And where you'll be sure once again to see this Company; then you'll know me better, Doctor. Will you give me what you promis'd then, or now?

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Well, Gentlemen, [*to the Officers.*] secure them in another Room awhile.

[*They go out with Monkwell, the Captain, and his Man.*]

*A Messenger comes in and whispers TIM.*

[*Tim goes.*]

*Rake.* This Fellow, *Tim*, has a great deal of native Honesty in him: Your Success is mostly owing to his Management; we must do something for him.

*Wild.* Certainly, 'tis my Intentions.

*Ram.* Shall we take him to London with us?

*Rake.* We'll consider of that.

*Enter TIM with SALLY in a riding Habit.*

*Tim.* Gentlemen, here's another Criminal, who saw me in the Street, and follow'd me hither: She desires to be her own Accuser, and to tell her own Tale.

*Wild.* The Lads of the Inn, if I don't mistake—

*Rake.* The same; what means this! come, *Sally*, free us from our Suspence as soon as you can.

*Sall.* [*to Rake.*] You, Sir, are the Person to whom my Bus'ness relates, and therefore I appeal to you. The Money you lost upon a certain Occasion, I now return to you. [*She gives the Money.*]

*Rake.* Ha, ha, ha, miraculous!

*Sall.* I had Thoughts of going to London with it, but the Difficulties I apprehended there, and a small share of Honesty, prevail'd upon me to do what I am now doing. How I came by the Money, and how I have been the Occasion of the Beast *Tipstaff's* Expulsion, I will tell you afterwards.

*Wild.* *Ramble*, listen to my Proposal. This Money *Rakely* had given over: Let us agree to make up



up two thirds to him, and give it to Sally for her Fortune with Tim.

*Rake.* Tim, What say you to it, Tim?

*Tim.* Ay, Master, but you know what! However, I'm no Cuckold for what happen'd before Marriage, and I'll take care afterwards. But what say you to it? [to Sally.]

*Sally.* I shall be glad to keep you, and the Money too, to myself. My Mother, you know, Tim, was not against your Addresses.

*Tim.* That was because she found out what was betwixt us. [*Aside.*] Agreed; what has been, has been. [*Ruth and Lucy talk together.*]

*Wild.* Be not surpriz'd, Ladies, you shall hereafter know the Reason of this Conduct.

*Ruth.* We don't doubt the Propriety of it.

*Lucy.* We shan't enquire into it.

*Rake.* Tim, if you and Sally will set up an Inn, we'll put up at your House when we come to Oxford.

*Tim.* [to Rake.] But, I hope, Master, you won't want to change Cloaths with me again.

*Rake.* No, no; hold your Tongue. [*Turning to the Priest.*] I must beg, Sir, you will do Tim and Sally the same good Office you have done my Friends, and afterwards favour us with your Company to Dinner at Sally's House. [*Priest bows.*]

*Wild.* Where we will take another Occasion to thank you.

*Rake.* You have got the Start of me, my Friends, but think of this, my Wedding Day's to come.

*The Season of approaching high Delight,*

*The Wedding-day, and then the Wedding-night.*

*The E N D.*

